THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXII—No. 1063
APRIL 16, 1924
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SPECIAL GOLF NUMBER + ALL USUAL FEATURES

Champagne
LEMOINE
CUVÉE ROYALE
VINEYARDS AND ESTABLISHMENTS:
RILLY-LA-MONTAGNE, REIMS.

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Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear. London-made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
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ROYAL BEACH HOTEL SOUTHSEA
EXCELLENT CUISINE.
Self-contained Suites.
MODERATE TARIFF.
Night Porter.
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MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS
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'GREEN STRIPE'
The Correct Call.

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16 inch model £50 Personally delivered.
Also 22 inch £75. 30 inch £95.
All guaranteed 12 months

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EXCLUSIVE QUALITY, LONDON MAKE

McAFEE'S GOLF SHOES

are used and recommended by the leading professionals and Amateur Golfers.

McAfee's Golf Shoes, fitted with rubber studded soles, give a perfect grip.

Prices:

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These rubber soles can be renewed when necessary.

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This magnificent Collection comprises **HIGH GRADE MODERN FURNITURE** and Upholstery, **GENUINE ANTIQUE** and **WORKS OF ART**, carpets, pictures, books, etc., being offered regardless of original cost. CAN BE SEEN DAILY, 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be had separately. Immediate delivery by motor lorries or stored free 12 months, payment when required.

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THE COLLECTION OF DINING-ROOM FURNITURE and effects comprises some choice suites in styles of Queen Anne, William and Mary, Elizabethan, etc. A rare Old Oak Dresser is being offered for **£25** with a very unusual Charles II style old Trestle table for **14 guineas**; 6 rare old Chairs to go with remainder at **£3 15s.** each; old Refectory Table, **10 guineas.**

DINING-ROOM SET in finely waxed Jacobean oak, including Sideboard, Centre Table and Chairs complete, **16 guineas**; a very handsome Sheraton style complete set, **30 guineas. A SIMILAR COMPLETE DINING-ROOM SET** of Chippendale design, **40 guineas**, ranging up to Complete Sets for **2,000 GUINEAS.**

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THE next time you go to buy a Sports Jacket, Woolly or a Pull-over, ask to see a 'Sportsman,' and you will find a better jacket than you have been accustomed to buying, greater value, and a style to suit you. 'Sportsman' excellence of manufacture is due to the fact that it is made by the makers of Wolsey Underwear, who have been making the best underwear for the past 150 years.

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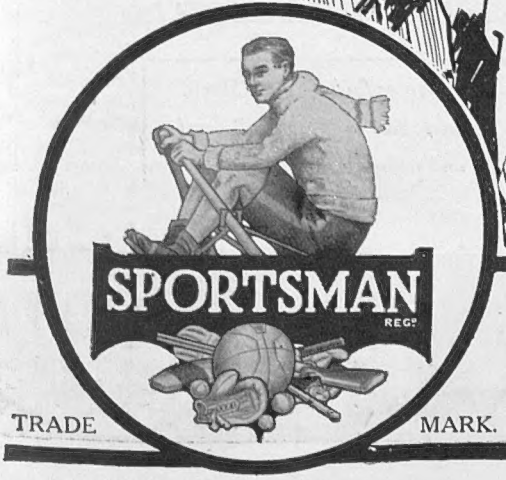
"THERE'S MANY A SLIP"

This Trade Mark is on every garment.



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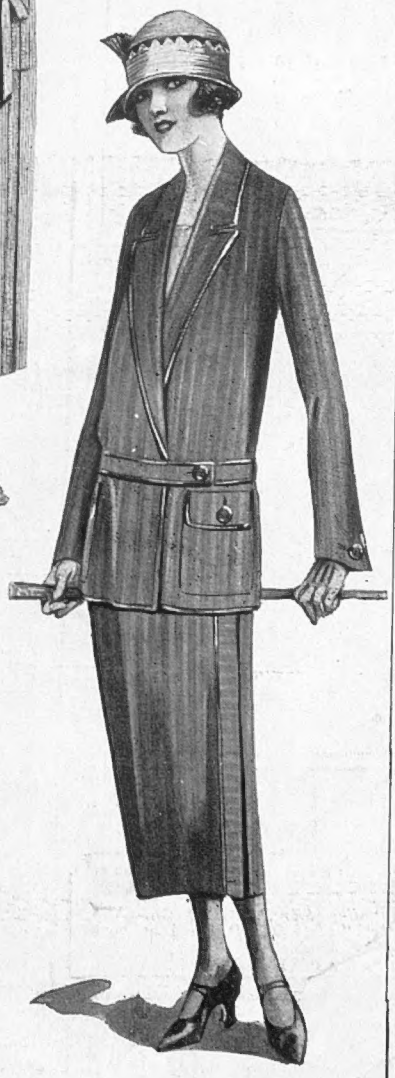

F15. Finely knitted coat and skirt, 10-needle stitch. The cross-over coat has tie-end fastenings and drop-stitch border, collar and cuffs of silk and wool mixed. New wrap-over skirt. In several good colours. Sizes S. S. W., S. W. and W.

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7½ Gns.

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SELF-VENTILATING WEATHERPROOF

Keeps the wearer dry in downpour or drizzle, warm when it's cold and comfortable whatever the weather.

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Designed on loose, easy-fitting lines,

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allows absolute freedom for every movement, and is one of the most comfortable of Overcoats for wear in either Town or Country.

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☞ *The same Jumper in medium quality Alpaca Wool. Post Free for* **37/6**

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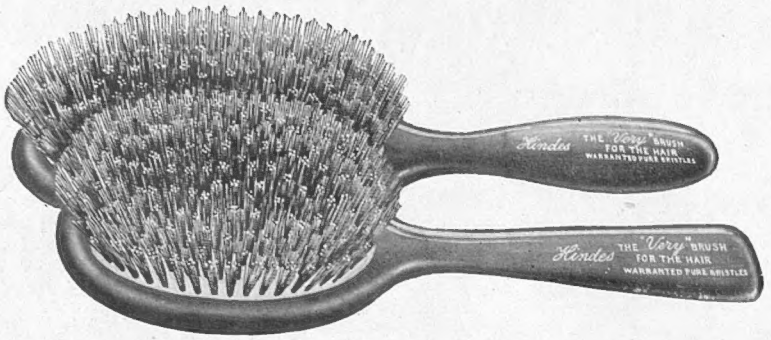

Bristles are the most important feature in a hair brush, and are an expensive item in its construction. In HINDES "Very" every bristle in every tuft plays a part in brushing the hair, the bristle tufts oscillating in unison with *the gently yielding rubber air-cushion* in which the tufts are set. There is no tugging—no pulling—no breaking the hair. It is the gentle, pleasing penetration that makes HINDES "VERY" BRUSH just *the very brush.*

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"The RURAL Set"
Ideal for garden, river or seaside, indoors or out. Nutbrown osier blends at once with surroundings. Strong but inexpensive. Can be left out in all weathers. Prompt despatch from stock.

CHAIRS, 33 ins. high, 19 ins. diam. ..	9/6 each.
TABLE, 26 " " 30 " " ..	12/6 "
Set of 4 chairs and table	47/6 "

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Spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes rinse off and the hair is gone
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REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR LIKE MAGIC

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AS ESSENTIAL AS FRESH AIR. Destroyed after use, they arrest the infection in
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The Creamiest Custard for Rhubarb

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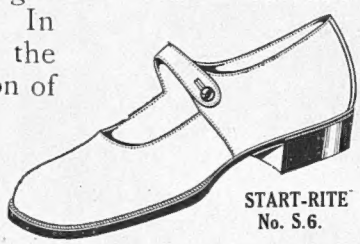
CHILDREN'S shoes should do more than just cover the feet, not only should they protect the delicate skin from the hard pavement, but they should assist the tiny muscles and bones to set straight and strong. The usual child's shoe merely protects the sole of the foot—not so START-RITE. A simple extension of the inside leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms a natural arch which prevents the development of flat-foot. With this continual support the arch in the child's foot is gradually strengthened until it becomes self-supporting. In the same way the forward extension of the inside of the heel prevents the ankles from bending inwards. Not only does the START-RITE shoe tend the foot, but it so prevents uneven wear that its life is longer than that of any other make, thus, while their first cost is a little more this difference is justified by the longer wear.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards



START-RITE No. S.6.

A very useful yet smart shoe for children between 3 and 14 years. The uppers are of finest Brown Willow Calf; for outdoor wear; the soles are a good medium weight, and heels just nicely balanced.

S 6. Willow Calf 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4 & 4x Fittings

5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3½
13/3	14/3	15/3	16/3	17/-	19/-

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12/-	12/9	13/9	14/6	15/3	16/9

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14/3	15/3	16/3	17/3	18/3	19/9

S 10. White McBuck 1-Bar, Nature Formed 4x Fitting

5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½
14/3	15/3	16/6	17/3	18/6

START-RITE

Patented

CHILDREN'S IMPROVED FOOTWEAR

We still have a few copies left of the Prince's Zoo Book which also gives full particulars of START-RITE Shoes. If you have not already had a copy, send a post-card for one to-day mentioning this paper. Also for name of nearest START-RITE Agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD.
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FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOTWEAR SINCE 1792.

(Also Makers of Lightfoot and Thelma Shoes for Ladies.)

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KNITTED WEAR

There is every indication that the fashion for Knitted Wear for the coming season will be more marked than ever. We were the pioneers of the Knitted garment which was originally intended for sports wear, but owing to the perfection of cut and style, and the introduction of silk and cotton yarns and metal effects in the fabrication of the Knitted materials, the present day garments are suitable for the smartest occasions. A feature of the present season is the incorporation of beautiful tapestry effects copied from rare English and French designs, Rumanian cross stitchery, and copies of old English needle run wool and silk embroideries in attractively blended bright artistic colours, which are used as trimming on Knitted Suits, Dresses, Jumpers and Coats. We have now in stock a wonderful variety of new and exclusive models showing the latest trend of this fashion.

KNITTED WRAP COAT (as sketch) made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody, from best quality woollen yarn with bold design in artificial silk in contrasting colours. Collar and cuffs of looped wool knitting in self colours. An extremely smart wrap for town or country wear.

PRICE **9½ Gns.**

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The Beauty of Bath

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Send for YOUR copy of the Horstman Catalogue.

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BATH.

"The Car that passes you"

H.P.

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While you notice the countryside looks more attractive this Spring than it did a year ago, can you tell what makes the difference? It is the gradual disappearance of the roadside sign.

It will be remembered that the proprietors of Pratts Spirit led the way in this movement last year. Every good garage displays the Popular Pratts Sign, and the Golden Pump is in increased evidence.

One reason only exists for this great increase: the universal demand for

PRATTS

Uniform everywhere Reliable always

See these Signs at Garages only-

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VOGUE & VALUE

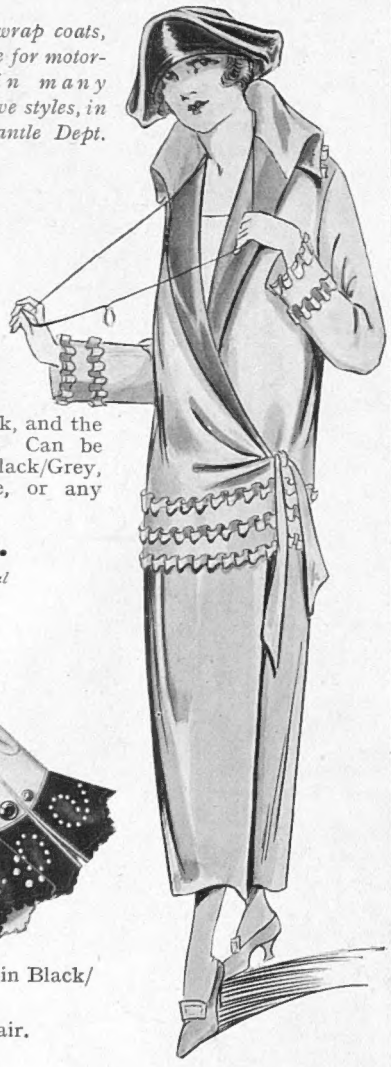
What more desirable for sunny Easter days than this Gooch tailored suit in wool marocain? Or the dainty gloves and En tout cas that accompany it here? And the very moderate prices will prove a further attraction.

The Bijou En Tout Cas in gros grain silk, 16/16 frame. Coloured wood flower handle. Tips to tone. All plain colours or shot effects. Total length 20 in.

Price **35/9**

Packing & postage 1/- extra.

Loose wrap coats, suitable for motoring, in many attractive styles, in the Mantle Dept.



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Finest quality kid Gauntlets in Black/White, White/Black.

Price **8/11** per pair.

Postage 2d. extra.

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Miss Flora Le Breton,

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KOKO FOR THE HAIR

has 35 years' reputation. A clear non-greasy liquid of delightful fragrance, cooling and invigorating, and contains no dye. Promotes growth, Cleanses the Scalp, Strengthens Thin and Weak Hair, and ultimately Produces Thick, Luxuriant Tresses. **1/6, 3/-** and **5/6** per bottle.

KOKO VANISHING CREAM.

A new and delightful non-greasy cream prepared from the finest ingredients and delicately perfumed, **1/6** per jar.

KOKO COMPLEXION POWDER.

(Natural, Rachael, Rose and White) is exquisitely fragrant, and will not harm the most delicate skin. **2/-** per box.

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More than sufficient for a delightful Shampoo, **4½d.** per packet.

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores, or sent Post Free on receipt of remittance.

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THE man who is content to smoke the ordinary cigarette is very easily satisfied. But he who selects Melachrino would be impossible to please with any tobacco less worthy.

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

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for general wear.

THE "PORTLAND."

A popular Raglan Coat, cut on easy lines to allow perfect freedom. In light and medium cashmeres, from **62/6**

Leather Garments for men and women.
Weatherproof Coats.
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F 60.—Stylish Coat in Gabardine, tastefully embroidered in self or contrasting tones, with side fastening. Half-lined silk. In black, navy, nigger, mole, fawn or grey. **5 Gns.**

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Complete from 9 Gns.

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Harrods improved method of Permanent Waving imparts a delightfully soft and natural waviness to the hair without making it brittle. Invaluable in cases of straight or 'lank hair, harmless, pleasant, occupying but an hour of one's time.

Harrods Specialist will advise customers on all hair troubles personally or by post.

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AT
SPECIAL PRICES

THE value of these Jumper Pyjamas is quite exceptional. Made of heavy quality crepe de Chine, which can be thoroughly recommended for hard wear, in various stripes on ivory grounds.

PRICE
59/6

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The new **Apache Scarf** in smart shaded crepe de Chine, with edgings of lancer feather to tone.
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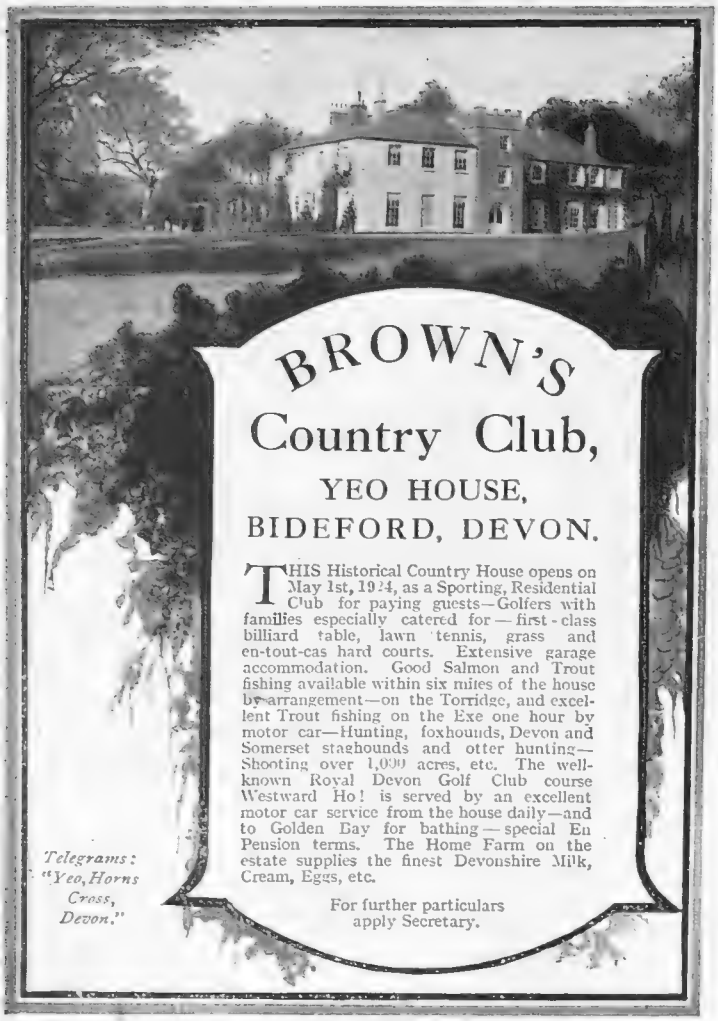

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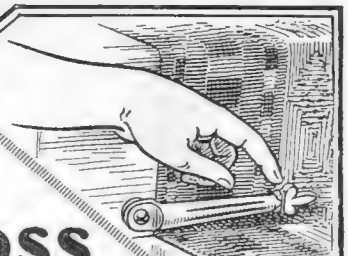

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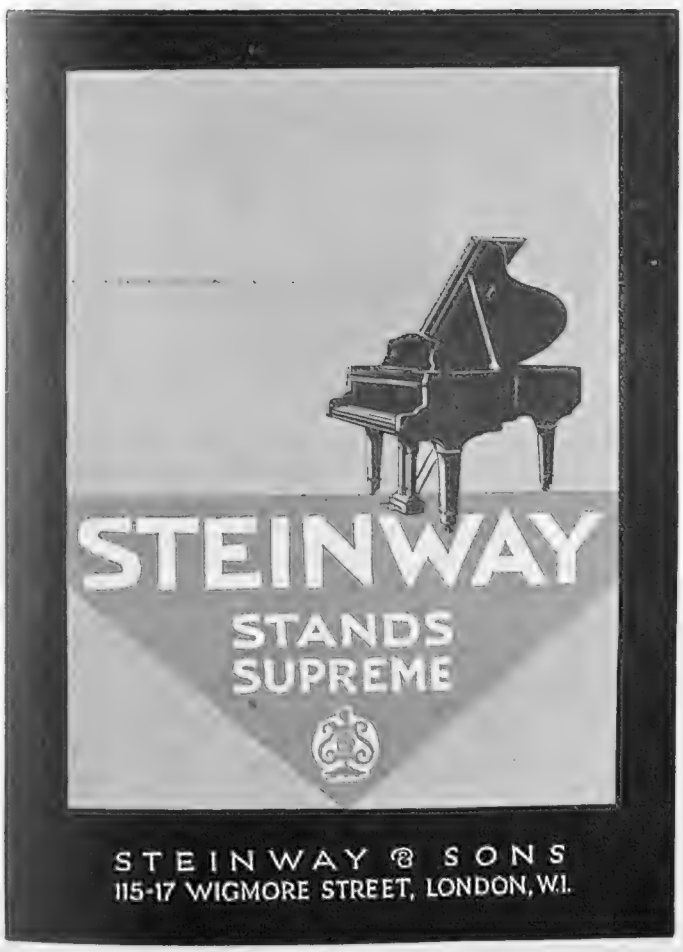

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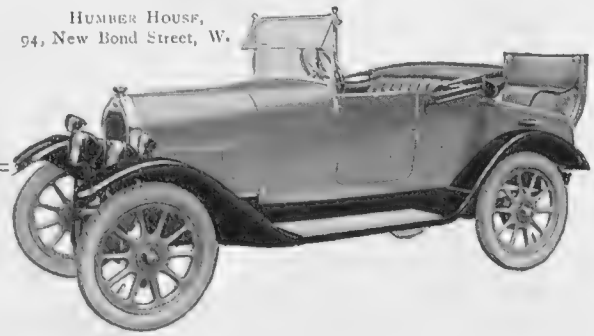

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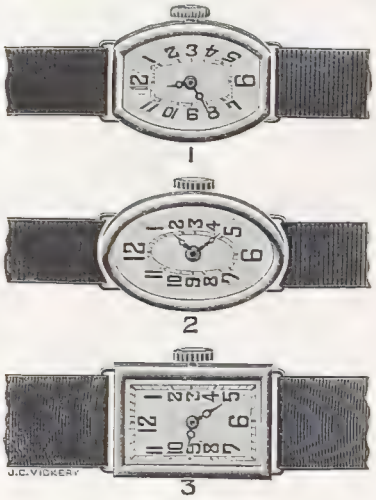

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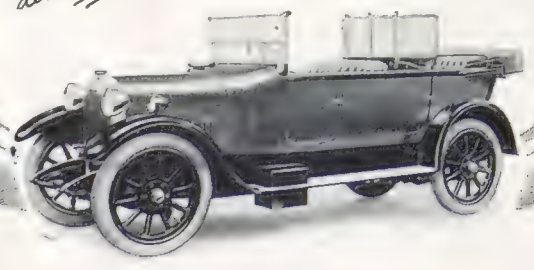

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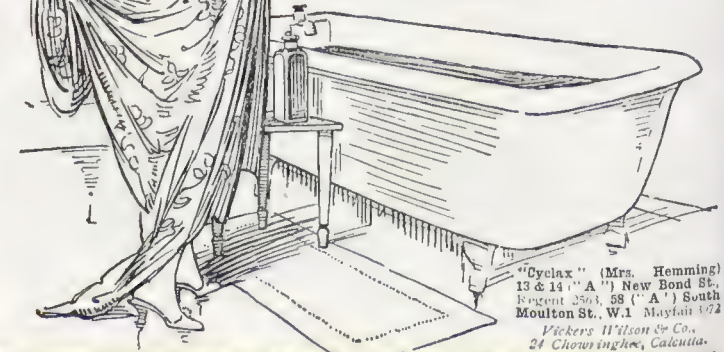

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The Bystander, April 16, 1924

No. 1063. Vol. LXXXII

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Lafayette*

MADEMOISELLE HÉLÈNE STANCIOFF

The youngest daughter of the Bulgarian Minister, who is to be married on April 30th to Mr. Felix Guépin. Her sister, Nadejda, it will be remembered, was married to Sir Alexander Kay Muir last month

"There is a Destiny that Shapes Our Ends"—

BY E. T. REED

—And doubtless it also shapes our caddies in contrast with ourselves!

A Popular Superstition

I SUPPOSE there are times when we all tire of our surroundings and long to look at the world from the other fellow's point of view. It is a popular superstition that kings are not immune from this secret desire. Ever since the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid we have been led to believe that monarchs feel themselves cribbed, cabined and confined.

Not Confined to Kings

THE feeling is not confined to kings. The least important among us get the same itch. To the worm, the bird's-eye view is full of wonderful possibilities, while the bird, no doubt, speculates on the novelty of the worm's-eye view. A professor at Aberdeen will probably tell me that a worm hasn't got eyes, but I can't help *his* troubles.

Seen from Upstairs

VERY well! The other morning I thought I would like to look at Parliament in the same way that I sometimes look at a play or a trial in a court of law—from upstairs. I got my member, who had been lucky in the ballot for seats, to hand me over one of those jolly little tickets that admit you to the members' gallery, and I started off full of hope. In my mind's eye, a wonderful human drama, full of humour and pathos, unrolled itself. I saw Mr. Lloyd George permitting the sun to shine on the hills of Wales. I saw the leviathans of debate contending in terms of subtle humour and crude passion. I saw—what didn't I see?

The Next Time

IT is easier for a Chelsea centre-forward to score than for an Ordinary Person to get into the members' gallery of the House of Commons, and when you get there, it isn't worth the trouble. In a theatre, you can often see better in the gallery than you can in the stalls. When I saw the last international at Twickenham from the bank, I did not envy the spectators in the stands, but the next time I go to Parliament it will be from a friendly constituency with a majority vote as my open sesame.

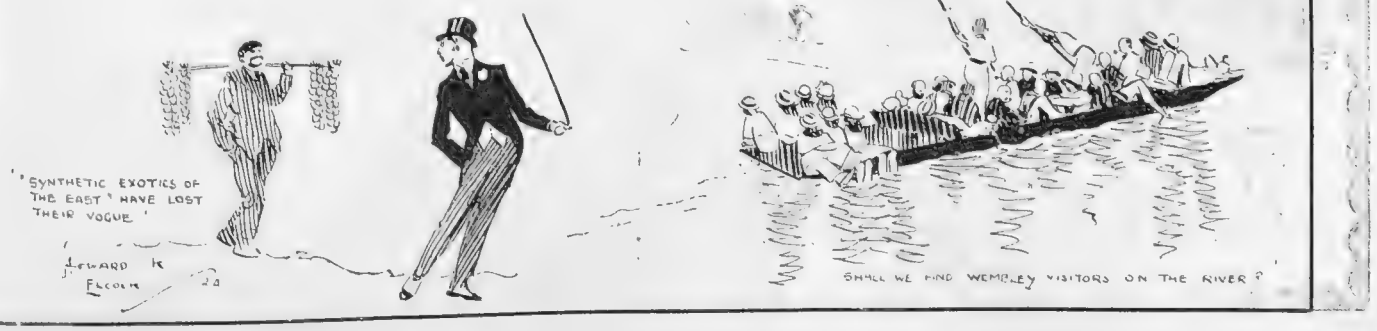
The Glory has Departed

POSSIBLY it was different in the old days, when the art of oratory was in full flower. One could put up with the discomfort for the sake of the entertainment. Those rounded periods and polished phrases may have floated up from the floor of the Chamber in a manner that made one forget one's troubles. Nowadays, it all looks very mean and insignificant. The glory has departed, and only the discomfort remains. It is like getting a crick in your neck by looking at nothing. I shan't go again.

The Golden Age

THE holidays have started, and the theatres are crowded with bright young souls who believe everything they see and hear, for that is the greatest asset of the golden age. I wouldn't care to be a history master when the summer term begins. I should find myself up against the Shavian version of Joan of Arc and the Gaiety version of Nell Gwynn. I should be told that the Pompadour was a really nice young woman—almost as nice as Catherine of Russia—and any theories on Royalties that I might wish to inculcate would have to take a back seat to Jackie Coogan in *Long Live the King*.

(*Continued on page 163*)



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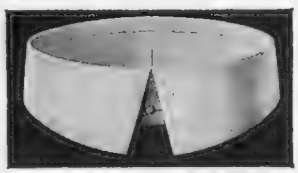

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

There's a "Catch" In It

SPEAKING of the Gaiety Theatre reminds me that *Our Nell*, Robert Evett's new all-British musical play, is due for production on the day that these lines appear in print. From a chance visit paid at rehearsal I learned that this story of King Charles and his orange girl is not merely all-British because it is not based on a German or Viennese story—it is British to the backbone. Old English dances, old English games and old English songs will be found in it, to say nothing of a "catch" which deals with Good Friday and hot cross buns.

From Gutter to Gaiety

WHAT is the secret of the abiding popularity of Nell Gwynn? Historians do not pretend that her virtues won her a place in the catalogue of national heroines. The Lely portraits show her to have been no more beautiful than other women of her period. Unlike Joan of Arc, she did not ride into battle at the head of her conquering troops. She took little interest in politics and no part at all in the religious squabbles of her time, yet her name has come down to us surrounded by a very halo of romance—the Cinderella of the Restoration who rose from the gutter of Drury Lane to queen it at the Gaiety in the Strand.

Optimists and Pessimists

THE Wembley Exhibition is the great problem of the hour. Pessimists refuse to believe that it will attract people from our own provinces, while the optimists are wondering where we are going to sleep all the nations of the earth. There need be no speculation about the success of the Exhibition. The people who really know—the great steamship companies—have completed their booking arrangements, and London will be as full as it can possibly be. The more interesting problem concerns the daily programmes of our many visitors. Will they spend the whole time at Wembley, or will they wander further afield to Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon? Will they come back to the West End for the evenings to the theatres, or shall we find them on the river at Richmond?

Why Not Wembley?

NO doubt the Exhibition will leave a permanent impression upon the pages of our dictionary, for many of our visitors' little sayings will survive and pass into the language. That is the effect of all invasions, peaceful or otherwise. We borrowed from France when the Conqueror landed at Hastings and France borrowed from us when equally famous fighting men landed on her shores in 1914. Even the international Rugger matches taught us something new, so why not Wembley?

Lovely Old Flowers

I SEE that we are returning to the simple scents and perfumes of our grandmothers' day, and that the "synthetic exotics of the East" have lost their vogue. I'm glad of that. Is it too much to hope that there will also be a revival in old-fashioned flowers and old-fashioned gardens? We have filled our borders with large, scentless blooms, and have allowed the lovely old flowers and herbs to fall into decay. If we are to find jasmine, lilac and lavender at our night clubs, let us also find them blooming in the sunshine of our old walled gardens.

This Sounds Strangely

NOWADAYS, the following passage, taken from a well-known fantasy, must sound strangely in the ears of modern playgoers:

> My garden is full of the flowers my mother planted for me. Curious, old-world flowers—thyme, lavender, rosemary—planted in days gone by; and, though no gardener I, as the shadows fall, I tend them all; watering, pruning there. Am I happy in my lot? I know not!

EASTER, 1924—THE POLITICAL "EGG AND SPOON" RACE. By Blam

Venice via Hammersmith

LAST week I was plunged into a romantic world of masks, doges, tocsins, piazzas, and all the paraphernalia that goes to make a Venice of the sixteenth century. A Number 33 bus took me there (somewhat appropriately it was a green "pirate") via the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and by way of Mr. Louis Parker's *The Right Hand of the Prince*, as presented by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society. This is just the sort of play for a plutocratic amateur society—"crowd" scenes with ninety-five performers and over thirty speaking parts; in other words, a good chance of giving members a run for their subscriptions (all paid up to date) and a sudden death to minor grumblings. I found the full-dress rehearsal a good deal more entertaining than the performance proper; there was so much more incident. But I wonder what Mr. Cape, the producer, thought of the invited—and utterly unprofessional—audience, that would persist in treating his stage directions as part of the "show." It was an ambitious work, and I hope the Benevolent Fund (or wherever it is that Stock Exchange moneys go in the winter-time) will benefit accordingly.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph MISS "BILLIE" LAWFORD [*Hay Wrightson*

Whose engagement to Mr. Kenneth Baird, of Durris, Aberdeenshire, was recently announced. Miss Lawford is a kinswoman of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, her mother, Lady Gertrude Lawford, being a daughter of the fourteenth Earl

Bolshevism and the Young

One thing always puzzles your Bystander, a thing that in these days is being thrust constantly under one's nose. You must meet it just as often as I do. It is the Socialism-cum-Bolshevism one hears talked by young men and young women at nearly every dinner or luncheon-party one goes to.

Personally, I'm all for people thinking what they like, and doing what they like, so long as they don't ask me to think and do ditto if my opinions and tastes don't jump in the same direction. But I often wonder, when I hear these young folk airing their opinions upon the necessity of a general turning upside down of everything, where they themselves would be if their theories were actually put into practice. Three parts of them would be making confectionery, blouses, lampshades and undies in a foreign country for a precarious and indifferent livelihood, just as so many Russian refugees are doing.

It seems to me that if you hold Bolshie views—it is surprising what a number of the younger generation do—it is only consistent to avoid the tables and the houses of the wealthy. After having had a good dinner there's something incongruous and absurd in a young man holding forth, first over his port, and then between the whiffs of an expensive cigar, on the immorality of riches, the "octopus hold of the capitalist," the "selfish luxury of the governing classes." Capital and luxury have provided him with an excellent dinner. To me it seems equivalent to biting your host's hand after he has fed you.

AN ISLE OF SKYE WEDDING

Mr. Iain Robertson Hilleary, son of Major and Mrs. Hilleary, of Edinbane, and his bride, Miss Rubie MacLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacLeod, of Keabost, who were married at St. Giles' Cathedral recently

If you honestly hold such opinions why accept invitations to houses run on the proceeds of capital? Why not emulate the lady who was so strictly Sabbatarian that she refused to eat eggs laid on a Sunday. Of course, the people who choose the polished mahogany and dining-rooms of the truly rich as the *mise-en-scène* for the enunciation of their "hot-air" theories are very, very young, and generally dependent on allowances from their parents — likewise the product of capital.

Golf Courses and Slums

As this is The Bystander golf number, this little matter comes in very apropos. A week or two ago one evening at dinner a young man of the type I have mentioned above was holding forth on the harm done to the working-classes in big cities by the large amount of ground given up to golf courses.

Golf, he said, was entirely a game for the well-to-do. He called it a "class pleasure." Hundreds upon hundreds of acres were taken out of cultivation in order that the game could be played. Many golf courses, he declared, created slums, since, if the ground they covered had not been "snatched" by golf clubs, houses for working men might have been built upon them. And so he went on, until you began to feel that every time you played a round of golf you condemned an honest but indigent family to sleep at least ten in one room, with no kitchen sink or washing accommodation to speak of.

Two mornings later I was in the train *en route* for a suburban course—a course which the young man had mentioned specifically as a breeder of slums. The young man himself, most properly arrayed in plus fours and the newest crêpe-soled golf shoes, got into my carriage at an intermediate station, accompanied by a battery of clubs which would have served three champions in a cup competition all at the same time.

His destination was mine. This brings me back to my point in the first paragraph, which is—if you think a thing to be wrong why take any advantage of it?

You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. So if you think capitalism is wicked why not dine on a chop and a rice pudding at home, or go to Lockhart's; and if you think golf courses are breeders of slums, why not play patience *chez vous*, or dash into the hazards of draughts or dominoes at your local mission hall.

These talkers of Socialism in high places are not consistent. That is my quarrel with them. They take everything they can jolly well get from the present order of things, yet belittle and misrepresent the present order, in many cases, I think, just to make personal *réclame* and sensation.

Some of them hold the King's commission, a good many are in other services of the Crown. If the Socialistic theories these young men cast out so lightly over

London dinner-tables are sincere, why don't they resign their commissions and give up their Crown posts? But then, you see, money and talk are two very different things.

Stage and Peerage

HAVE you noticed how rarely peers marry with the stage? Heirs to peerages, we know, have made many and frequent marriages with the stage. This question and statement of fact come out of the announcement of the forthcoming marriage of the Earl of Dudley to Miss Gertie Miller, the widow of Lionel Monckton, and the most delightful favourite the Gaiety Theatre ever had.

If I am wrong, will some kind and more knowledgeable person than I am correct me? But I believe I am right in saying that Lord Dudley is the fourth peer in the last hundred and twenty-five years to marry an actress.

Here is my list. The twelfth Earl of Derby married Elizabeth Farren, a brilliant and beautiful comedy actress, towards the close of the eighteenth century. The Earl of Orkney married the lovely Connie Gilchrist of the Gaiety in the early nineties of the last century; the Marquis of Headfort married Rosie Boote, also of the Gaiety—all three after they had succeeded to their peerages.

Lord Dudley, I think, makes the fourth. Lord Clancarty married his first wife, Belle Bilton, whilst he was still Viscount Dunlo; and when Lord Churston married Miss Denise Orme he was still heir to his father's barony. Interesting, isn't it, when you add up all the marriages from the stage into the peerage to find that the majority of these marriages take place in youth?

Photograph *Sport and General*

"VICTOR LUDORUM"

Boys of the Headmaster's House (winners of the House Championship), chairing the winner of the "Victor Ludorum" Cup, I. H. White Thomson, at the finals of the School Sports at Harrow

Photograph "TWO'S COMPANY" [*Speaight*

Lady Smiley and her youngest son, David, form a charming new illustration to an old adage. Lady Smiley is the youngest daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny and wife of Sir John Smiley, Bt.

Penalising the Hun

I HAVE told you how the Germans are over-running the Italian Riviera. I hear precisely the same story from Palermo. There, they are spending prodigiously. In pre-war days neither of the two first-class hotels at Palermo, the Villa Igeia and the Hotel des Palmes, were considered cheap. Now, of course, they have suffered the "sea-change" in prices that has flooded Europe. But it doesn't seem to make a pennyworth of difference to the Germans who are at Palermo. Most of them have champagne at dinner every night—and that on the top of post-War prices, and the exchange all against Germany! One wonders how it's done.

Myself, I thoroughly enjoy hearing any instance of the Hun being penalised. All of you who have been to Mentone will remember the beautiful Hanbury garden at La Mortola, just over the Italian frontier, and lots of you, I expect, will remember the perfect hospitality of its late owner.

I have not been to Mentone for a long time, but I hear that all the old traditions of La Mortola are being kept up by its present owner. But an entrance fee is now charged to see the lovely gardens—a fee no one can object to because all the money goes to the devastated area in France. A notice board at the gate says that Germans must pay two francs, those of any other nationality one franc.

I like the thought of all the German two francs going to the scarred and broken fields of Northern France, but why didn't Mr. Hanbury make the entrance fee for them ten francs?

His Revenge

I HEARD a story the other day about that much be-tried person, Harry K. Thaw—who I see is going to have yet another trial—which shows that at any rate he possesses a sense of humour.

At one time he was by way of studying art in Paris. One evening he and his fellow-students went out to dinner at Meudon. Thaw had already been coquetting with the wine-bottle before dinner. During dinner he drank more deeply than wisely, with the

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS MENZIES, MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, LADY MORVYTH BENSON AND LADY AVICE MENZIES

Our Pictorial Who's Who of the Beaufort Point-to-Point Meeting at Alderton

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS AND LORD WESTMORLAND

result that when he got up to make a speech, he had to be pulled forcibly back into his chair.

This he resented, and after a little while Thaw slipped away from the table. Going outside the restaurant he found a long line of *fiacres*—it was before the days of motors—waiting to take the company back to Paris. Thaw engaged the whole lot, and taking his seat in the last one gave the order for them all to drive to Paris. And off they all went in a line.

When the guests came out of the restaurant there was not a single *fiacre* to be seen, and they had to trudge back to Paris on their ten toes.

Echo of the Boat Race

FAR be it from me to cast a stone at exuberant youth. It was particularly bad luck for the Oxford stroke to be hailed to Bow Street on the night of the Boat Race, but such things do happen on such occasions.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAJOR PHIPPS HORNBY AND MISS DALY

Speaking of the Boat Race reminds me of an astonishing play by Boucicault which was revived at Drury Lane some twenty-five years ago. It was called *Formosa*. This was the name of the heroine, who was one of those ladies who drop their reputations in early life, and never trouble to pick them up again. The hero was the stroke of one of the 'Varsity boats—I forget which. However, the night before the Boat Race (according to the play) the hero and his fellow oarsmen painted London red. He met Formosa, who was played by Mrs. Langtry—all London flocked to see her marvellous dresses—and fell in love with her. If my recollection serves me rightly the hero and the rest of the crew never saw their beds that night but went straight from their gay carousal to Putney in the early morning. And the hero won the race, apparently entirely on his own!

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT WITH THE MARCHIONESS AND MARQUIS OF WORCESTER

Perhaps when Boucicault wrote the play intensive training for the Boat Race was unknown. But his young men had a couple of nights of it—one before the race and one after. Now they have to be content with one. They certainly make the most of that.

Man and the Needle

I HAD no idea that men could rival women in the gentle art of stitchery, but at an exhibition of embroideries held in Lady Mary Morrison's house in Halkin Street last week, I found they can. One part of the exhibition was embroidery done by men, amongst them the Earl of Ennismore, who had sent decorative panels, Lord Carmichael, who had sent chair-seats, and the Hon. John Fortescue, who in the intervals of his labours at Windsor Castle had found time to embroider a cushion.

But the most remarkable embroideries done by men were those of the big game hunter, Mr. Hubert Astley. One was of a pair of magpies. They were exquisitely done.

When you come to think of it, why should embroidery be considered a peculiarly feminine art? It requires just as much skill and knowledge of colour as painting, and that is an art shared by men and women.

Photograph Sport and General

LORD METHUEN AND MISS WATSON

exhibition was interesting also because it was the first time the Duchess of Devonshire has allowed any of her work to be shewn in public. She sent a bedspread copied from an old quilt at Hardwicke Hall.

A Generous Plan

It is an ingenious and likewise a generous plan of Mr. Wheatly Cobb to let Caldicott Castle in Monmouthshire furnished, for £300 a year, in order to help in the preservation of H.M.S. *Implacable*, the last relic we have (the *Victory* excepted), of Trafalgar, which now lies at Falmouth.

The present Caldicott Castle is only a portion of an immense place originally built for one of the sons of Edward III. It was restored by Mr. Wheatley Cobb's father. Some idea of its former size can be gained from the fact that the old courtyard—now laid out as a garden—was an acre and a half in extent.

Photograph Alfieri

THE COUNTESS OF CORK, MAJOR HOLT AND MAJOR GALE

THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD

at the Avon Vale Point-to-Point Meeting at Rudge Hill

Photograph Alfieri

LADY DIANA SOMERSET, CAPTAIN F. SPICER, MISS HARTOPP, MRS. RAY SPENCER, LADY MARGARET SPICER AND MR. W. J. BAIRD WATCH THE PARADE FROM THE SADDLING ENCLOSURE

The Easter Exodus

The departures for Easter began last week, and everybody who can get away is deserting London. It is going to be a particularly busy season, and things will begin in earnest after the holidays are over, the opening of the Empire Exhibition at Wembley marking the beginning of what will speedily develop into a rush.

Hostesses and others will not share the regret of South Africa over the postponement of the Prince's visit, as his presence in London during the coming gaieties will make all the difference.

The postponement of the visit will, however, necessitate some alteration in the arrangements for the two royal visits from Italy and Roumania, arrangements, that is, for dinners, etc. All these are made long beforehand, and as the Prince would have been in South Africa his place and precedence naturally had not to be taken into consideration. Now, it will.

Photograph Sport and General

CAPTAIN AND MRS. LEARMOUTH

Meanwhile the Prince has been recuperating very pleasantly at Biarritz. The national game of the Basques, pelota, seems to have fascinated him as much as it did his grandfather. During his visits to Biarritz King Edward invariably attended the pelota matches, but unlike his grandson never attempted to play the game himself.

The Garden Club.

It was interesting to hear from Mrs. Samuel Sloan, president of the Garden Club of America, when she was entertained by the new Garden Club in Chesterfield Gardens, that the American Garden Club has sixty-seven branches. Perhaps the charming club in Chesterfield Gardens will one day reach the same position. I don't see why it shouldn't.

Lord Lambourn presided at the dinner to Mrs. Sloan, and, oddly enough, he

did not wear a buttonhole, the first time I have ever seen him without one.

The "Oly 'Umbug"

THERE is a certain peer with very ecclesiastical leanings. He is a frequent visitor to one of the colleges at Oxford. For some reason or another he is not popular with the gate-keeper. When the noble lord was crossing the quad. one day, the gate-keeper was heard to mutter to himself, "Ere comes the 'oly old 'umbug, 'ummin' an 'ymn, per usual!"

"Too Far Out"

IT is an impertinence, your BYSTANDER considers, an unwarrantable impertinence, to discuss the domestic arrangements of Royal personages, or of anybody else.

But there have been so many references in the newspapers to the difficulties which the Duke and Duchess of York find in filling their many public engagements from White Lodge, there have been so many suggestions that they should have a house in London—I feel, therefore, that I can show the difference to you between to-day and yesterday, between the swift motor-car and the two-horsed brougham, without a shadow or glimmer of impertinence.

This is an odd thing about the motor. If you live thirty miles out of London you are simply swamped by people bursting in for luncheon or tea. You yourself think nothing of motoring up to London for a luncheon, a tea, a dinner or a first night of a play.

But if you live just on the fringe of the edge of London, half an hour at the utmost in a car, your friends tell you "you are so far out." And you yourself find the half-hour journey in and out bothering and fussing. It's odd, but people who would have driven miles in carriages or hansoms to pay calls or go to parties without a thought or murmur, now seem to resent anything beyond a quarter of an hour in a car or taxi.

Photograph IRISH FINALISTS *Sport and General*

Miss Joan Rice (the winner) and Mrs. Gotto at Bangor, Co. Down, where the Ulster Scratch Cup competition was recently played under the ægis of the Irish Ladies' Golfing Union

The Charmed Circle

PEOPLE of moderate incomes tell you that it is much more expensive to live "a little way out," because of the perpetual taxi-fares which have to be added to the rent, say, for a married couple who go out a good deal. They also tell you that your friends don't drop in to see you unless you are somewhere close to the centre.

All this, I think, is true, and is probably the reason for the ludicrous and extortionate rents demanded—and paid—in the charmed circle which has Berkeley Square for its centre, a circle with a diameter of about a mile and a half.

And what rents people will pay to live in this circle so long as they haven't the expenses of a big house! I heard the other day of a woman who has been trying to let her house in a fashionable square, either furnished or unfurnished, for two years. She hasn't had even a nibble. She has just converted her garage in a mews, with the chauffeur's rooms above it, into a flat. She can't let her house, but the converted garage in the mews was snapped up before the alterations were finished, and at a rental of £200 a year!

It is astonishing what a number of mews at the back of big houses are being turned into flats or microscopic "maisonettes," and the rents they fetch are equally astonishing. Some of them are so small that, as a friend of mine said, after visiting a young married couple who had settled where the horses used to be stabled and the carriages washed, "They graze their elbows every time they drink a cup of tea."

A New Club Venture

THE move of the old Centaur Club from its premises in Clarges Street to more magnificent quarters at Winchester House, St. James's Square, brings something of a novelty to Clubland—at any rate as far as England is concerned. You can join the Centaur Club either as a full member, with all the privileges of a good London club, at an annual cost of ten guineas for men and six guineas for ladies, country members at half price in each case. Or, you can come in literally, "on the ground floor," and be a member of the dancing section only, thereby enjoying the privileges of an excellent cuisine and a good dancing floor at a cost of four guineas a year (ladies two guineas). Mr. Maxwell Stuart and Miss Barbara Miles, those two delightful exponents of the art of ballroom dancing are giving exhibition dances there this week (I hope they will remain longer), and Miss Miles is busy giving lessons to members, so perhaps the dancing of St. James's Square will soon show signs of improvement. On the night I was there, she was looking charming in what my partner assured me was a Lucile frock of shell pink trimmed with silver. Colonel Vaughan Grimshaw, the Secretary of the St. James's Club, is a director.

Photograph] A GROUP ON THE GREEN *[Day and Thomson*

Four competitors in the North Berwick New Club competition for the Moncrieff Gold Cross. Our photograph shows: Sir George Clarke (left), Captain Sir Thomas Gibson-Craig, The Hon. Hew Hamilton Dalrymple and General Arthur Blair

A Camera Foursome from Stoke Poges

Photograph *Alfieri*

A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE 15th TEE AT STOKE POGES

THE ladies were triumphant as—er—ever (nearly) at Stoke Poges, when they defeated a team of men by three matches to two in the foursomes, and tied with five matches each in the singles. Miss Chambers and Miss Wethered, Miss Leitch and Miss Stocker, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Cautley were victorious in the foursomes, and, by her splendid victory in the singles after being one down at the 16th tee, Mrs. Cautley secured the day's honours for her sex

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. WETHERED AND MRS. ALAN MACBETH

Photographs

MISS CECIL LEITCH AND MR. O. C. BRISTOWE

Sport and General

MR. DREW, MISS BASTIN, MISS FOWLER AND MR. LAYTON

A FRIENDLY GROUP AT VALESCURE

Some of the players who were introduced to one another by that cheery fellow, Mr. Bystander. The photograph was taken outside the Club house at the Valescure Golf Club after the competition for "The Bystander" Cups. The winners, Mr. Brodie Clow and Miss Clow, are seated behind the table

The Riviera Week by Week

IMPRECATIONS galore in every civilised language have been impetuously but impotently hurled at Apollo—whose sun-chariot seems to have gone on semi-permanent strike these last months. Vast crowds have deserted the Riviera recently, but they will be replaced to some extent by the Easter visitors, who are quite the nicest crowd we receive—so many jolly school girls and boys, who have a great time here. The parting crowd were also cursing the improvement in the franc—the best thing for all the Allies that has happened since the War ended. They also cursed the higher railway fares, and the other necessary steps the Government is at last taking to set its house in order.

IT'S an ill—er—rain that blows nobody good. Some golf courses were flooded at times, but the merits of the mountain course here and the comparatively new courses at Costebelle, at Valescure, and the 9-hole just opened at Bordighera were appreciated. They all drain off surplus water at once, and were a great resource, as it hardly ever rained all day, and golf is not necessarily a fine weather game.

NOW, however, that it is at last warm enough to lunch outside, the Riviera Palace Hotel is at its best. Many people come to it who love the starlit nights high above Monte Carlo, with the glorious coast line, the twinkling electric lights of the great liners anchored just below and the unforgettable Italian blue of "cloudless climes and starry skies." It has been very full all the season, and many sensible people lunch there. To-day I saw Countess Cahen d'Anvers entertaining a large party, and many other parties from Menton, Cap Martin, Beaulieu, etc. Among the latest arrivals at the Riviera Palace are—Major and Mrs. Percy Judd, Mrs. Ephra Townley, Mrs. Laura Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. William Briggs of Cambridge, Major Kenneth Comyn, Monsieur Albert François Pinet, Dr. Karl Hort Lilienfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander John Christie, Mr. Humphreys Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell Ellison Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Frank FitzGerald of the United States, Major and Mrs. Birch.

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. L. de MARPURGO

Who won the Men's Singles in the Cannes International Tournament

THE death of Mr. John G. A. Leishman (former President of the Carnegie Steel Company, and later American Minister in Berne and Ambassador in Turkey, Rome, and Germany) on the eve of his sixty-seventh birthday is a great loss to Monte Carlo, where he had fixed his home at the Parc Palace since the War, and where his wife died a few years ago. A charming man socially, he was much sought after here, where he had many friends from Menton to Cannes. Latterly he played a lot of bridge with his friends, and at the various clubs. He seemed very well and, as usual, had been lunching and dining out a lot in this festive season. On Wednesday he lunched Mrs. and Mr. Spreckles and Mme. Macchette d'Allegri, and had played bridge afterwards. In the evening he had seemed tired, and complained of a slight headache, and was found dead in bed from cerebral hemorrhage in the morning, having died peacefully in his sleep. His daughters, Mrs. Hyde and the Duchesse de Croy, and his son were present at the funeral at Monte Carlo. His unfailing cheery *bonhomie*, and his interesting personality will be missed sadly here.

ON Sunday afternoon, M. Galeotti—the Italian composer of *Anton*, which was given for the first time—had an immense reception from the crowded Theatre Garnier. He was among a large party in the Prince of Monaco's box, and several times had to acknowledge the warm applause of the house, of the actors, and of his princely hosts. He is a great pianist, and prize-winner at the Paris Conservatoire. His music is full of melody, and the orchestration is delightful, without a discordant note, though full of feeling and rather inclined to make one's tear ducts productive at times. No story, but a long fight for the hero between the temptations of a mere earthly passion, including the negation of the future life, and the more spiritual heroine who triumphs in the end. As Méryem, Mme. Andrée Vally, who hails from Nice, sang the part finely, and her long duet with Anton in the second act brought down the house. The Hallelujah choruses in the second act were very fine and attractive, and, in the murder scene in the third act, Mme. Smirnova, as Ellade, sang and acted a difficult part splendidly. The men parts were all well rendered, and Mr. Sullivan as Anton and M. Richard Bonelli—the American baritone—were warmly applauded. I admired M. Isstratty as Kadour and M. Musso as the priest, both for their singing and acting. Their magnificent basses were splendidly produced and controlled. The Lybian desert oasis scenic effects in the last act were lovely, and the music worked up to a really grand finale, somewhat spoilt by the pantomimic procession of angels across the sky, which they seem unable to resist using here. The choruses, etc., were not so happily got up as usual here. M. Jehin conducted.

LADY SPEARMAN is in her new apartment in the Villa Heraklea now, and received some friends at tea the other day, including Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Bacon, Mrs. Humphreys and Lady Eardley Wilmot.

J. G. H.

IN THE FAIRWAY AT PAU

Madame la Baronne Fouquier with Dominique, the club professional, at the Pau Golf Club

A Gentle Dig

BY THORPE

"After a round with the Pro., I always feel that I've picked up such a lot"
"So do I—at nearly every hole!"

THE GOLFER'S CHILD

by A. A. Thomson.

THE Golfer's blue-eyed prattling boy was playing at his knee.
"What is this Heav'n they tell me of, oh, Father dear?" asked he.
The Golfer stroked the golden head. "My little child," he said;
"Heav'n is the place that all good men will go to, when they're dead.

"HEAV'N is a land of greens and gold, the club-house of the blest,
Where bunkers cease from troubling and the niblick is at rest;
Where white-winged caddies hover round, without sarcastic smiles,
Where ev'ry ball flies straight and true and goes for miles and miles.

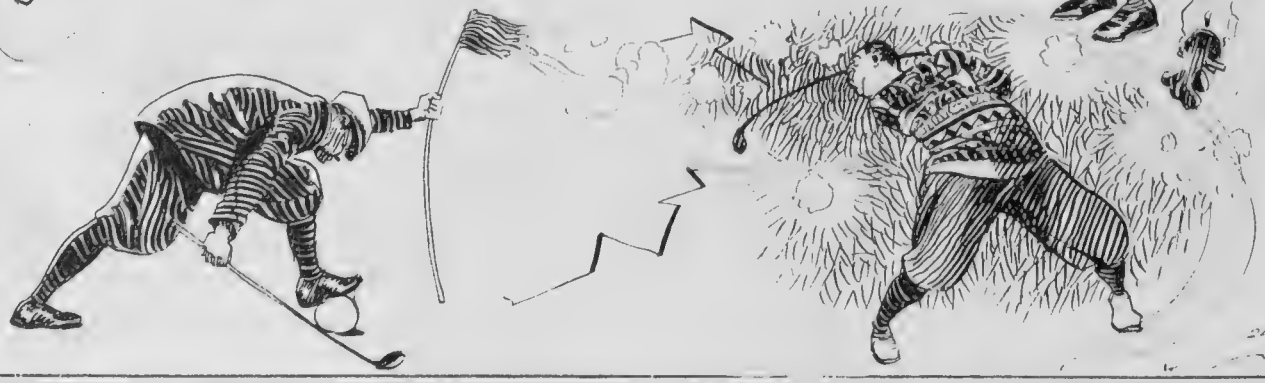
"SORROW and slicing are unknown; pulling and pain have passed,
And peace—serene, eternal—fills the golfer's heart at last.
These are the joys which you shall share, if you are good, my dear."
And here th' impassioned parent paused to wipe away a tear.

"BUT is there not another place?" inquired the blue-eyed lad.
"A place that Nurse has told me I shall go to if I'm bad?"
The Golfer passed a trembling hand across his fevered brow.
"There is, my son, another place, of which I'll tell you now—

"A LAND of grim and dark despair, where sunlight never falls,
Where burning brassies vainly biff at big asbestos balls;
Where bunkers high as Everest and wide as Polar Seas
Frown at the victims as they stand upon the lonely tees—

"WHERE all the greens are ashes and the divots molten coals,
And all the balls you use are twice as big as all the holes.
This is the fearful punishment that 'waits the wicked crowd—"
And here the parent fond broke down and sobbed and wept aloud.

THE lad looked up with shining eyes. "Pray do not weep," said he.
"The awful warning you have giv'n will not be lost on me.
I'll practise day and night each shot, with iron and with wood,
For, oh, I am a Golfer's child. I must—I *will* be good!"



ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Nearly All Square

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE CUBIST GOLFER: "What's the good of working up this cubist stunt, if the wretched worm sends up round casts and spoils the effect?"

On Excellent Authority

"WANTED on the 'phone, sir, please."

"Who is it?"

"D'know, sir. Lady. Wouldn't give her name."

"Oh, lor! . . . Shan't be a minute, you fellows. That's my drink, the long one. . . ."

"Yes? . . . *Hullo*, darling. Great Scot! How perfectly splendid of you to ring me up. I was just going to ring *you* up s'matter of fact. What? Hullo! Are you there? Oh. Yes, rotten telephone, isn't it? Government monopoly, y'know, and all that sort of thing, what? I say, how perfectly priceless you looked last night in that mauve frock, and . . . what? Don't you call that mauve? Well, lilac then, s'all the same; dam nice anyway. By the way, I owe you a bit of an apology about the neglect last night. May as well get it off my chest, what? No, don't interrupt, I'm giving tongue, and you'll realise when I tell you. . . . Yes, I *was* going to say something about 'the yellow woman,' as you call her. Not very complimentary, are you? . . .

"But, my dear girl, I haven't seen her for years; don't be silly. . . . But what is one to do? She sent word into the hall, *via* that horrible Ainslie fellow, that she wanted a dance or two. I couldn't. . . . Divorced? I know she was. What's that got to do with me . . . or you? And it was years ago, anyhow, before the War. . . . My dear child, you're maligning quite a nice woman. . . . How do I know? Why . . . er . . . I heard on excellent authority about her only the other day, I mean last night. She divorced *him*. She's perfectly all right . . . er . . . so they say . . . those who know her.

"What? You happen to know the facts? What facts? . . . Who was a very ill-used man? Her husband? What makes you say that? . . . (long pause) O-oh, I *see*. I say, is that really so? Good heavens! . . . No, of course I won't; I'm discretion itself . . . *rather* not . . . I say, I shall see you at the Maitland's show to-night, *n'est ce pas*? Righto! . . . You've got to ring off? Why? . . . Half a minute . . . Hullo! . . . Hullo! . . . damn!

(Soliloquising on returning slowly to club smoking room) "Now shall I let her know that I was the divorced husband . . . or not?" D. L.

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

Her Darkest Hour

By IRENE WOODGATES

THE beautiful woman sighed, with a little indrawn shudder.

Putting up a white bejewelled hand, she drew the costly furs more closely round her shoulders.

Her sad eyes, in which there was a glint of fear, followed the movements of the laughing care-free throng around her.

Enviously she compared their happy lot with hers, and wrung her hands. Tears of self-pity gathered in her eyes. The muscles of her throat contracted in a stifled sob, causing her mouth to open and shut involuntarily. She swallowed three times rapidly in succession.

Slowly the colour receded from her young face, leaving it grey and haggard. A damp perspiration gathered on her brow—the chiselled lips parted in a faint groan.

"Ah!" she thought, "this is intolerable. I must not let the world see my distress."

Resolutely she struggled to her feet; she felt she must be alone.

The physical effort gave her temporary strength, and in spite of her anguish she was able to struggle forward to a place of solitude.

On her right was an open doorway; stepping quickly across the threshold she found herself at the top of a wide flight of stairs.

Clutching the banisters, she made a rapid and half fainting descent into a large, ornately decorated room.

Observing subconsciously that it had a white painted ceiling, and a revolving floor, she flung her exhausted body on a lounge.

Then—just in time—and as if from another world, she heard her own voice calling: "Stewardess!"

A Bright Star in the Princes' Cabaret

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

Cecile Maule Cole is a merry young soul,
And a merry young soul is she;
From the heart of Man she receives full toll
As she dances to saxophones three.

By Lunt Roberts

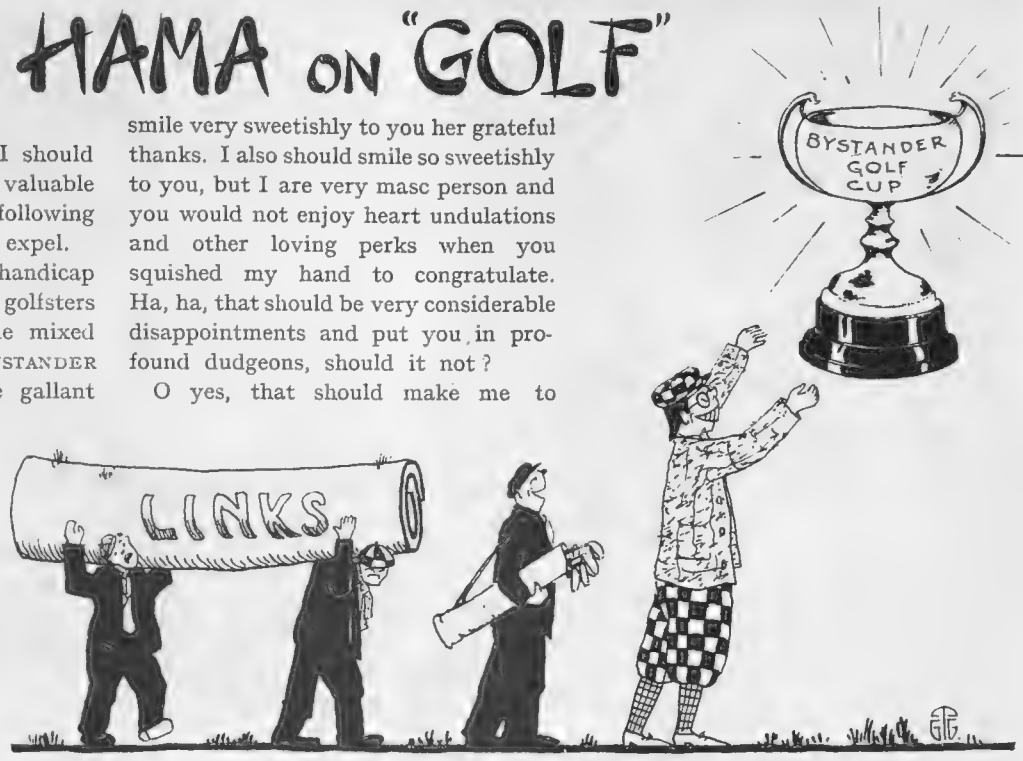
"CADDY!"
The tragedy of a too-complete golfer

By Stan Terry

ROUGH-LY SPEAKING
"He swears he'll move Heaven and earth in order to become a good golfer"
"Well, it won't be long before he'll only have Heaven to deal with!"

NEW SERIES

YOGO HAMA ON "GOLF"



Most Dear Hon. Sir,

Kindly to permit that I should intrude upon your valuable spaces to print the following emanations which I shall now expel.

This are great golfing handicap week when many numerous golfsters will meet in combat in some mixed 4-somes for the Hon. Bystander trophy at 500£ net. These gallant combatters will play with 36 holes for a 25 mile or other radius, and all professionals must use plus 4's if masc.; if femn, then 14 handicaps L.B.W. This shall make the context very difficult to achieve successfully, so that only extremely talented persons can nurture their hopes to romp homewards with winning goals to nil and score this estimable trophy. The victorious 4-somes (mixed) which arrive in the 36rd. hole with the greatest velocities and break the tape, will also acquire cups of both genders, but not any saucers, that Hon. Bystander have present to quench their thirsts which shall be very imparched after so great speed combat.

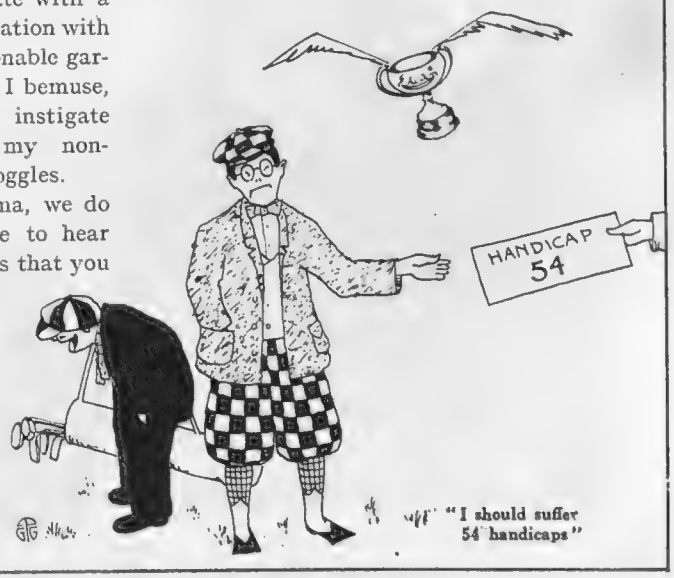
I consider to myself, Hon. Sir, how delicious it should be if I put myself into aforesaidly handicap and acquired a trophy or other suitable laurel. Then you should have to give me 500£ net and a cup, also Hon. mention in exquisite felicity words with photographic representation to depict my so skilled chops and slices. This should perhapsly make you very maddish and wroth because you have wish to give the cup to charming fair who shall smile very sweetishly to you her grateful thanks. I also should smile so sweetishly to you, but I are very masc person and you would not enjoy heart undulations and other loving perks when you squished my hand to congratulate. Ha, ha, that should be very considerable disappointments and put you in profound dudgeons, should it not?

O yes, that should make me to chucker very gleeishly at your Hon. misfortunes, but I constrain myself to suppose I should suffer 54 handicaps and achieve only the timber spoon, then the leg should be on the other boot and you would devolve into mirths at my non-dexterity. "Ha, ha, Mr. Y. Hama, you consider to be very golf genius person and lovely to the eye, but you cannot manipulate your plus 4 to impact the ball at correct altitudes," you would glib. "I observe you to fall into all the bunkers from which you have to be extricate with a noblick or other machination with detriments to unmentionable garments." No indeedly, I bemuse, I shall not seek to instigate laughing scorns at my non-triumphs and other boggles.

"To depict my so skilled chops and slices"

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, we do not very greatly desire to hear these so private feelings that you nourish. Constrain to inform concerning this great and ancient sporting with philosophic adumbrations on same," you depose? If you are so desophisticate not to understand this reverend and patriarachal pastime, then I shall now purvey you informations which I have acquire at my personal expenses. Golf are a mild sporting specially prepared for ladies, ageds and other infirms. Aforesaidly seek to propel a diminutive pill with a stick to see how far it shall go at 1 push. If while in pursuit of pill, Hon propeller becomes imbunkered or otherwisely disable, he produces a noblick and hoists himself back to terra firma. The person who hits the pill from hole to hole with least pushes, scores a goal; if not so, he becomes a stymie and suffers deprivations of his plus 4's and other hard-won perks and are very non-distinguish. The femn of stymie are dormy, as when Hon. lady falls into a bunker and becomes non-suited.

Golf are very entertaining to persons who do not love their human species,



"I should suffer 54 handicaps"

"May suffer narrowish squeeks from inflamed non-experts"

to warn persons who cannot restrain their guffers when observing these foozlings and other non-impacts.

Myself I have not yetly acquire very stupendous efficiencies at this excruciating game. Thusly far to date, I are not adequately conversant with the requisite portions of speech to correctly address Hon. pill when scoring nils with rapid successions, so he will not make a budge for me notwithstanding I administer very diligent swipes. Also when seeking to find non-discoverable pill, my vocabulars are so mild they do not induce him to emerge. Thusly, like Arabian song persons, I roll up my links and speechlessly steal away to acquire a larger or other soothing beverage.

I do not altogether completely understand why leisure persons and other wealthies seek these severish fatigues and exasperations in order they shall shoot this insignificant pill round a course. It are a very British peculiarity, I have observe, to seek repose by making perform strenuous and exhaustive labours which they would not execute, if compelled, for £'s per hour. Should it not be a goodish idea to pay emoluments to some non-occupied persons to hit the pill in lieu, instead of suffering these arduous toils and swipes in person? Indeedly yes, I declam, for then we should preserve our equanimities and could rest to enjoy the vocabular adumbrations of salaried person when making consecutive non-impacts with Hon. pill.

but suffer rejoicings to see Hon. golfster achieve croppers and other bricks. These so non-amiables derive much deliciousness to observe an aged golfster elevate his caddy (pill-hitting stick) to deliver a very fearful and terrific blow to Hon. pill, only to acquire a stupendous nil! He continues to repeat the manœuvre with very complete non-success, then blushes suffusely in crimson and ejacules profanes on Hon. ancestors and other saintly bygones, but Hon. pill remains on his small dirt hill as originally put. I greatly adore to contemplate these atmospheric swipings with concomitant explosions and other vocabularies so shockingly luscious to the polite ear. This are very dangerous entertainings, howeverly, and persons who do not practice mirth-control may suffer narrowish squeeks from inflamed non-experts and be buried in a bunker. That are why you shall see several or more red flags growing on the course

"When seeking to find non-discoverable pill"

Kindly to permit I should award my A1 congratules to Hon. golfsters, masc and femn, who shall have achieve with their cues the Hon. BYSTANDER trophy, and cups to match. Let us endeavour to hope they shall enjoy many happy largers or equivalent beverages in same, and survive to win more 4-somes, handicaps and other esteemed golfing garlands. I throw them some chaste embracings and ejacule "Banzai!" or Anglo-British facsimile.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your estimable healths continue to remain in good preserves, I am

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Sasha*

SLIGHTLY STIRRING DOWN IN "THE FOREST"

Mr. W. E. Hallman as Samway in Mr. Galsworthy's new play "The Forest," now running at the St. Martin's Theatre

"The Liner She's a Lady . . ."

BY LENDON

THE COLONEL: "How the devil can I play Golf with all those bally ships bucketing past?"

THE T

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

ROPHY

Many Happy "Returns"

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

MISS IRIS HOEY

Who has made a welcome reappearance in the West End as the heroine in "Collusion," the new comedy recently produced at the Ambassadors Theatre

TURF TALES

By DELL LEIGH

No. IV.—THE OLD-FASHIONED PLATER

As old Jim Dyson said to me on a day: "It ain't the 'orse wot's wrong, sir; you take it from me, it's them as owns 'im and backs 'im, if you can follow me."

Yes, I could follow him; had, indeed, been following him for some time, as we lay stretched upon the warm turf at the mile post between races, while he chewed grass stems and discoursed upon horses and men. Telescopically we viewed life as we lay there, afar off. The blare of the roundabouts, the myriad voices of men calling the odds, the persuasive jargon of the tipsters, blended into one faint pulse beat across the heat-quivering Sussex Downs.

Debarred by the nature of his office from the speculative side of the business, old Jim Dyson's point of view upon the trades which revolve round horse-racing was always interesting, because his experience was wide, and his hands were clean.

His was the simple duty of helping the impassive Starter by shepherding fidgetty, over-anxious horses into line at the tapes. Constant propinquity to the mouths of manœuvring jockeys, and a life spent on a racecourse in an official capacity, had taught old Jim a lot. It was he who spoke with deep affection of Flotsam, the old-fashioned plater, and of the small part he had played in the gelding's one-act comedy. Of the underlying motive of his owners I had heard elsewhere. Dyson's husky monologue on that hot afternoon merely recalled an episode of which I had seen the ugly side.

Flotsam was a five-year-old, and a safe winner, amongst a not too high-browed company, in almost any five-furlong selling plate. His manners were perfect, his lineage sound but not classic, and honesty of purpose shone, two brown lamps, from his large eyes. When he was trained gently and systematically to do a certain job on a certain day over the prescribed distance, he did it; and whatever boy they put up on him had nothing but praise of him when he weighed out afterwards.

Consequently, Captain the Honourable Philip Fildes loved him as a brother, and wangled him out of the sales following the plates he won with a consistency that spoke eloquently of his appreciation of the horse as an intelligent animal, and not merely as a means to a money-making end.

Given owners like Fildes, and racehorses like Flotsam, and all would be well with the racing world, for no two cleaner entities ever breathed. But a ramping sixteen-hand chestnut took Fildes out hunting one morning, pecked clumsily at a stiff fence, fell on his master, and cut short that gallant officer's life.

At the subsequent sale of all his horses, two men stepped in and bought Flotsam for no apparent reason. Men in the sale-ring at the time, not wanting him themselves, left the bidding alone, and were mildly surprised when the Plower-Harrison partnership got away with him for fourpence-ha'penny, as the saying is. Odd, they thought, that a couple of die-hard punters, with none too savoury a reputation, should want an old-fashioned plater that you couldn't work up a gamble with. And then they wiped it, slate-wise, from their minds as Chérie, by Lothario out of Désirée, the filly they were all after, came coquetting into the ring.

It was from this day that the fair escutcheon of Flotsam was like to become tarnished. For his two new owners had not bought him without a good reason and a bad motive. They had, in fact, been looking for a reliable horse like Flotsam for a long time, to put into operation a little job they had in mind that would be as profitable as it was safe. Wherefore they bided their time and kept him in good condition until the right kind of selling plate loomed up on the *Racing Calendar*. And the finger of fate in due course pointed to Chester.

For the purpose of the business in hand not only was the right race and place essential, but also the right kind of jockey. The right kind of jockey, in the person of Flick Reilly, was already bound by chains to the Plower-Harrison *ménage* by reason of the very peculiar running of Finisterre at Stockton recently, about which the Jockey Club Stewards would have been glad of more details, which Plower and Harrison could have supplied. So *that* was all right. And Flick was instructed accordingly, and promised odds to a ten-pound note if the matter was attended to properly.

There was nothing about this particular selling plate at Chester that interested any of the fraternity. It was, of course, Flotsam's race by all the canons of precedent. A five-furlong sprint; weights as near equal as make no odds worth having, and an uninteresting lot of starters. Moreover, a bigger and a better race from the gambling point of view followed after, and they opened Flotsam at evens and turned their attention to more lucrative business. He came out of the paddock gate on the tips of his toes, pirouetted playfully towards the five-furlong post, and when he had pranced and sidled along for a couple of furlongs, to the amazement of everyone he suddenly unseated his jockey and began galloping steadily back towards the paddock.

"Hullo, he's thrown him!" was the gasp.

No horse, however fit, can with impunity gallop riderless about the course with a short sprint race ahead of him, and the market became immediately affected by the price jumping to 5 to 2.

At this point Plower and Harrison, seeing that Flick had taken a toss very skilfully, and that the old horse was dashing back to the paddock according to plan, got very busy in the rings. So busy, in fact, that they were unable to see that Flotsam, instead of slowing up at the paddock gates, as they expected, there to be remounted by a swearing and discomfited jockey, had passed it and was proceeding all round the course at a fair turn of speed. They were made aware of this by the price going out suddenly to threes, and finally to 7 to 2. Although they knew he was a certainty, even with a run back to the paddock, it was quite a different pair of shoes to have him perambulating the whole circuit of the Chester racecourse with any hope of winning thereafter, and they mouthed frantic blasphemies that they could not get off their heavy bets.

They were in for it this time. And Providence, and most other people, would say it served them something well right.

Old Jim Dyson eventually caught the now thoroughly roused Flotsam at the gate, and they hacked Flick down to him while the courteous Starter waited sphinx-like on his eminence, and the rest of the field walked their mounts about amusedly.

Contrary to the opinion of most judges of sprint races, as evinced by the betting, Flotsam, getting off beautifully, won easily by two-thirds of a length, in spite of his solo excursion into the country, which seemed to have done him more good than harm. And the Plower-Harrison crooks won a packet of money.

It is typical of their breed that, so far from blessing him for an old-fashioned plater that never lets his owners down, they cursed him, themselves, the jockey, and the universe generally that they had not stayed their bets until the price was at its longest, instead of merely getting 5 to 2 about it.

"Sickening!" they called it . . . and worse than that.

Motley Musings

THOSE who kept the tip dark but backed the light Blue, can shake hands with themselves.

. . . . . .

RAIDS upon local post-offices continue to be made by armed burglars. They seem to be unaware that the P.O. does not sanction the withdrawal of money except on a prescribed form.

. . . . . .

MR. GUY NICKALLS states that Cambridge were the better watermen. The latter were conspicuous by their absence on Boat Race night!

. . . . . .

A CELEBRATED firm advertises light tweed overcoats "ready to wear in thirty-six fittings." Their tailors must be painstaking fellows.

. . . . . .

A GENTLEMAN giving evidence at Highgate stated that his cook "was a good cook as cooks go." The whole trouble is that they *will* go.

. . . . . .

AT another court a labourer declared that the defendant was not intoxicated although lying on the pavement, because "I saw his finger move!"

. . . . . .

THE visit of the South African cricket team is being eagerly awaited. Though the rivalry is sure to be keen, we do not anticipate any acid Test matches.

. . . . . .

AT the dinner given by the Carlton Club to its workmen engaged in renovating the building, we learn that a pint of beer was the favourite drink. Evidently members and guests wanted to drink Imperially.

. . . . . .

"OUR Elisabeth has made friends with an artist gentleman," remarked Mrs. Briggs. "He says he wants to paint her face and make her immoral for ever."

. . . . . .

A H'OWLING MISTAKE!

Tu whit! Tu whoo! The passer-by
Must surely pause and wonder why
The haunting note that he has heard
Springs from that inharmonious bird
In such a desolating sigh.

And now again, not low nor high,
His anthem rises to the sky:
That makes at least the thirty-third
Tu whit! Tu whoo!

Some old wiseacre might reply:
"The reason of his moping cry
Is that his frame, by hunger stirred,
Clamours for food." Oh, no; absurd!
He's simply there (and so am I)
To wit, to woo!

. . . . . .

A GERMAN scientist claims to have invented a gun that can fire a shell for one hundred and fifty miles. And every person that it doesn't kill we presume it handcuffs.

. . . . . .

"WHERE'S Bill?" inquired his friend, unaware that there had been a serious explosion in the boiler.

"He's gone," was the sad reply.

"For good?"

"Well, he went in that direction!"

. . . . . .

MEN'S wear is said to be becoming more brilliant in colour. But it's the price of the things that still makes men swear.

. . . . . .

THERE seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction in the billiard world at the moment. It is a pity some of our professional players can't take their cue from other sportsmen.

. . . . . .

IT is gratifying to record the fact that milk is cheaper. These early morning rains are doing good everywhere.

. . . . . .

"WHAT is a committee, daddy?" asked Pamela.

"A noun of multitude, darling, signifying many, but not signifying much!"

. . . . . .

"More strike trouble brewing," declares a contemporary. More often than not it's the brewing which causes the trouble.

. . . . . .

A *siffleuse* has just been successful in a breach of promise action. Apparently, her *fiancé* told her she could whistle for her damages.

. . . . . .

HARD tennis courts are more popular than ever with young people. It is their parents, however, who generally have to stand the racquet.

. . . . . .

A certain high Anglican rev.
Preached so long that I thought
he would nev;
So I murmured, "methinks
I will have forty winks,"
And was told I had missed
quite a clev.

. . . . . .

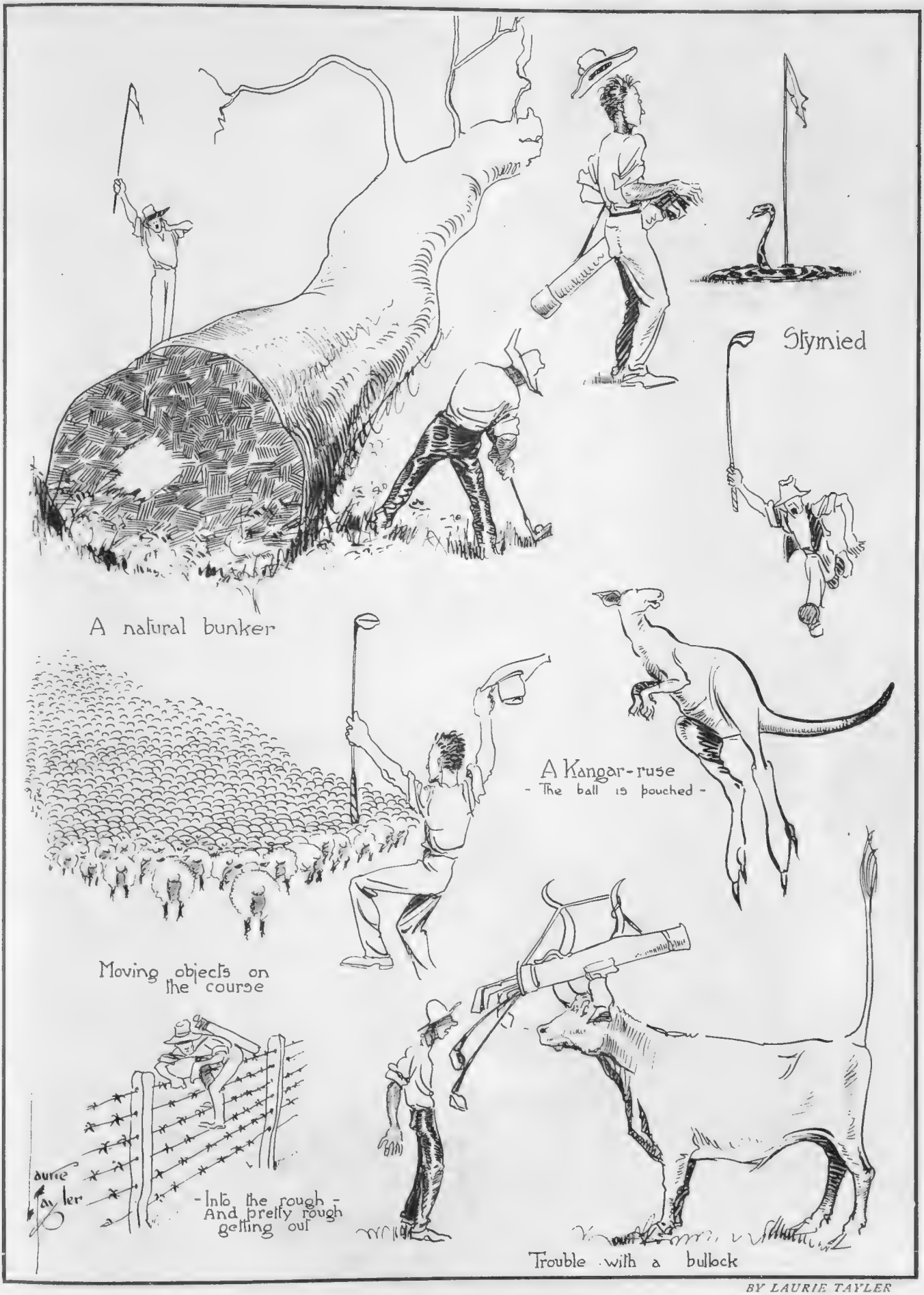
Another Divinity Dr.
At Oxford encountered a Pr.,
And remarked, "though 'twas
old,
Yet that story you told
To my missus has grievously
shr."

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY ALFRED LEETE

IS IT A GOOD ONE?

Matters of "Course" in Australia



BY LAURIE TAYLER

Some everyday difficulties that confront followers of "The Royal and Ancient" in a new land—
If you don't believe it, ask Kirkwood!

Leap Year

AT THE HIPPODROME

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on March 20, 1924

APART from the rich humour of many of the items of this truly magnificent production, the feature that impressed me most is the scenic display which seems to indicate an approach to the Continental ideal in such matters. Quite early in the proceedings, for instance, the stage is abruptly invaded by a joyous

company called the Gertrude Hoffman Girls, whose costumes are a revelation, as you might say, and quite in keeping with the year of the "Great Exhibition." People familiar with Parisian Night Entertainments are well aware that since the War a latitude in respect of feminine costume, which was not previously allowed, has become the rule rather than the exception with the Variety theatres. It is not so many years since what are not inaptly known as "Show Girls" were permitted to adopt almost any kind of *décolletée*, with hardly any reservations.

SINCE the War, however, Parisian managers have flung restraint to the winds in this respect. The modern "Show Girl" wears a costume that starts from the waistline downwards, and even then does not stay the course for long. Such freedom would not, of course, be permitted in London; but by a cunning arrangement of their scanty draperies the Gertrude Hoffman Girls certainly manage to give a dainty impression of "the altogether," which is, of course, quite a mistaken one. But these "Girls" are a good deal more than merely accompaniments to the chorus. They are agile and graceful dancers, and athletes besides, and they give evidence of being kept always in the strictest training, so that if they do not actually represent the glass of fashion, the mould of form is theirs to perfection. They are quite the most comely group of ladies I have yet seen on the stage.

APART from the mere beauty of the production, in which charm succeeds charm with progressive excellence, the star of the evening is Mr. George Robey, who is quite at his top form throughout. Mr. Robey has preserved all the quaint mannerisms that have helped to make him so popular, and his ability to create laughter from the most slender materials is a pleasing tribute to his personality. He comes on the stage before a house practically bulging over with people, and says he does not think he ought to repeat to us the remark his neighbour's parrot made to him, and yet, as there are only "a few of us here to-night"—and then ensues a roar of laughter that makes the footlights tremble in their shoes.

MR. ROBEY as Guy Fawkes—"the originator of the shingled hair fashion"—is tremendously funny; and there is a most original touch about the scene in which he acts as interpreter between an American and a Scotsman, since he has the advantage of being familiar with the language of both peoples. Much of Mr. Robey's humour seems to be based on the Gallic ideal; and little quips that one would ordinarily relegate to the smoking-room are received with shrieks of laughter from a house so huge that every outbreak creates a perceptible draught. This public appreciation is, perhaps, happy evidence that we are not the race of hypocrites foreigners accuse us of being, and if the French want to write essays about us in future, they must delete the word *shôking* from their dictionaries. It doesn't fit any more.

THERE are so many scenes of fun and loveliness that it is impossible to deal with all of them here. Taking one of the plums at random, I should say that everyone will be charmed by the scene entitled "A Trawler." We see a number of seafaring men and boys in the oilskins that presage a dirty night on the ocean wave, lounging about the deck in the half-light, and find that these represent the Hippodrome Male Voice Chorus of the one part and Eight Welsh Gleemen of the other part, each to each. In due course we are favoured

with fascinating glees and chanties, while the stoker, Mr. Bernard Dudley, very properly has a song to himself. It is all about shovelling on a few more coals, and Mr. Dudley sings it with a fine vigour that rouses the house to a very proper display of enthusiasm.

ALMOST original item is called "Two in One." An author has written a two-act play that is so adaptable that either act can be played first, or, if desired, both can be played together without breaking the thread of the touching story. This seems at first sight a sheer impossibility; but by way of illustration the two acts are first of all played separately and then simultaneously, the dialogue dovetailing itself with a really surprising ingenuity.

ANOTHER original and ingenious feature is supplied by the Russian Lilliputians. We are introduced to a hall of entertainment where there are slot-machines containing apparently the usual wax figures. You put in your penny and the figure works. But as soon as the show is closed for the night, the wax figures come to life. They are quite tiny—one little man seems to be scarcely two feet high, and slender in proportion—but they are very much alive. One little lady proves to be quite an accomplished dancer of the fluffy muslin skirt school, and the whole company is agreeably expert in the art of pantomime. The dancing is followed by a parade of toy soldiers, which is represented with a skill that is almost uncanny.

MISS BETTY CHESTER displays her usual charm and her dainty humour, though the authors of the revue have not been very generous towards this delightful artist in so far as witty lines are concerned. Still, Miss Chester is a host in herself, if it comes to that, and she can skip about briskly, making fun out of nothing with conspicuous success. Mr. Laddie Cliff is another prominent artist who has not been very well looked after in the matter of dialogue, but he has at least one good song, with dance, that deservedly makes the welkin ring with applause.

ONE of the most amazing scenes of the show is an exhibition of the wonderful lighting effects invented by M. Adrien Samoiloff. By a single turn of the switch the company dancing on the stage is changed into a lot of coloured coons with their gaudy clothes, their banjoes and their coal-black mammies complete. Another turn of the switch and the performers come back to the white state again. This effect comes on very late in the evening and is perhaps a little rough on the chap who has been out once or twice to see the usual man about the usual dog. He will hardly like to talk about it on the way home for fear it didn't really happen. If visitors to London this season are not attracted by the prospects of Wembley, it will be worth their while to come from the four corners of the earth, if only to sit out *Leap Year* at the Hippodrome. It marks an advance on anything I have yet seen in the Variety world of London, and should prove an irresistible attraction for the Continental and American visitors for whom rooms at the best London hotels are now, I understand, being positively washed and brushed up in large quantities.

JINGLE

GEORGE DUNCAN
(Hanger Hill)

J. H. TAYLOR
(Richmond)

F. BALL
(Langley Park)

W. B. SMITH AND MRS. BATTERSBY OF THE

Some of the
BYSTANDER £500
At the London Country Club,

ALEX HERD (Moor Park)

G. GADD (Roehampton)

JOSH TAYLOR (Richmond Park)

TED RAY (Oxhey)

A. SEYMOUR (Chingford)

J. B. BATLEY (London Country Club)

HARRY VARDON (Totteridge)

A few of the competitors for the second annual contest for the BYSTANDER Golf Challenge Trophy. As was the case last year, the competition is a mixed foursome (professionals with a lady partner), and has been limited to sixty couples from clubs within a 25-mile radius of London. We are glad to state that the limit number of entries was very soon reached, so that with a good many well-known players preparing to do

dley Wood)—THE PRESENT HOLDERS
OPHY

Competitors for the Challenge Trophy
Hendon, to-day (April 15th)

MRS. CHARLES CAMPION [8]
(Barnet)

MISS V. ROSENHEIM [11]
(London Country Club)

MISS AUDREY CROFT [4]
(Ashford Manor)

MRS. F. A. BEANE (Langley Park) [9]

MRS. E. HILL (Weybridge) [7]

MISS JOYCE ROGERS (Addington) [4]

MRS. T. A. LODGE (Burhill) [4]

MRS. MANVELL (Sundridge Park) [14]

MISS I. KING (Thorndon Park) [11]

MRS. W. A. GAVIN (Gerrards Cross) [3]

battle for the Trophy, which Mrs. Battersby and W. B. Smith have held since last year, there should be some keen play over the Hendon Course on April 15th. Professionals are rated at plus 4, and the ladies at their L. G. U. handicap (given in square brackets after their names) with a limit of 14, each pair receiving three-eighths of their combined handicap

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J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

THAT SUMMER-TIME FEELING

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 14

DEAR COUSIN—

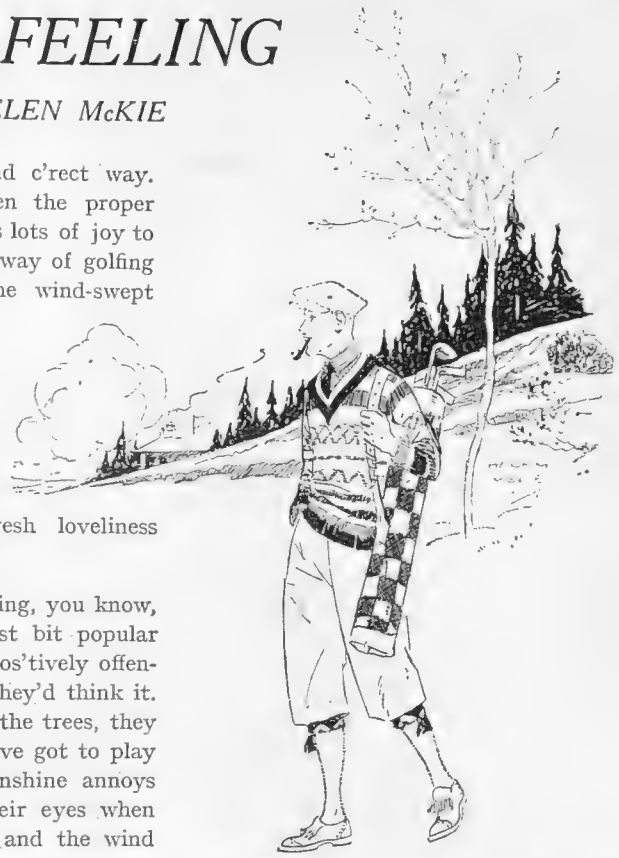
COMING events cast their shadows before, as some writer-man once remarked, and there's really quite a sort of a holiday feeling around everywhere, isn't there, this week? Easter (which I do hope won't be a North-Easter) being, after all, the very first 'ficial holiday of all the year—and not before it's needed, either.

'SIDERING, I mean, the really rather strenuous times we've been having—battling with frosts and blizzards and biting winds, as well as all the usual programme of work and a particularly full one of play, in the way of theatres and dances and all sorts of other shows and things. Not too much sign, there hasn't been, till now, of the kind of April that the celebrated, but now wellnigh forgotten, R. Browning longed to be in England in, and whereof John Masefield so sweetly singeth—

All early in the April
When daylight comes at five,
I went into the garden
Most glad to be alive.
The thrushes and the blackbirds
Were singing in the thorn,
The April flowers were singing
For joy of being born.

MORE like four o'clock it is, by the way, that daylight comes, now that Summer Time's here, but the April flowers haven't done much singing yet, not so that you'd notice. But never mind, the sun *has* shone and the birds *have* been singing a bit, and even if it snows we'll make a week-end of it somehow, 'specially as after all it *is* Summer (time), and the prophets say this is going to be a partic'larly hot one, and already the first bathing pictures have appeared. . . . B-r-r-r-r!

AND there's one sport or recreation, anyway, wherein you can indulge in any sort, kind and variety of Easter weather, golf to wit—that most fasc'nating and same time madd'ning of games—which either boosts you to the heights of triumph or flicks you to the depths of despair, 'cording as how you happen or not to be hitting that tiny but obst'nate little ball the true and c'rect way. Though, of course, given the proper philosophic mind, there's lots of joy to be got out of the other way of golfing—just walking over the wind-swept downs or the lovely pine-clad slopes with a bag of clubs, and a smack at the ball now and then, and letting yourself look up at the sky and the scenery and drink in the fresh loveliness of it all. . . .



"Over lovely pine-clad slopes with a bag of clubs"

ONLY that sort of thing, you know, isn't the very least bit popular with the *real* golfers. Pos'tively offensive, in fact, I'm sure they'd think it. Not at all interested in the trees, they aren't, 'cept when they've got to play over them, and the sunshine annoys 'em by getting into their eyes when they're going to drive, and the wind spoils some of their best shots, while as for the birds. . . .

TALKING of golf, by the way, 'minds me that this is a really very important week. Including, for one thing, the great BYSTANDER Competition for the £500 Challenge Trophy, that's to be played for at the London Country Club to-morrow as ever is. And besides being the very first week of summer (so-called) *and* Easter week to boot, there's a couple of very int'resting ancient anniversaries on. Not that every day, almost, isn't an anniversary of sorts, at any rate for those of us who've heard or failed to forget about the one-time Great War. Somewhere to-day, I'm sure, there was a battle fought—six, seven, eight, nine years ago—and if it wasn't a big one it was a little one that mattered, to many of us, just as much.

"There was a battle fought six, seven, or eight years ago"

SOMEHOW in the Spring one seems to remember more even than any other time. Nature's awakening again, however much we may grumble at her slowness. The sun shines, the soft rain falls, that helps the growing things. And we recall once more—they come just naturally into our minds—those lovely poignant lines of Wilfrid Gibson's, that begin—

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain
Without remembering. . . .

The first and greatest pain is gone. It doesn't hurt so much now to remember. We can begin to see the glory through the tears. But the ache is there still, always.

卐

STRANGE, isn't it, that everyone hates fighting so much, and yet it's the men who have fought that we honour above everyone else? Like Byron, f'rinstance, who died just a hundred years ago next Saturday. Was a poet, too, and a picturesque figure, but I don't b'lieve anyone'd really have remembered *him* all this time if he hadn't ended up in such a blaze of glory and given his life for a cause, for an idea, at Missolonghi on Easter Monday, April 19, 1824.

卐

ALMOST forgot, by the way, the other anniversary, which is Primrose Day, also next Sat., and once associated, I gather, with one Lord Beaconsfield, who cert'nly *is* more or less forgotten—but the primroses, anyway, aren't. And 'ginning to be seen at last, they are, on the countryside, tho' lots of the trees and things this year are a whole month behind, almost—think of it. But we've made a start now, and shall doubtless make up for lost time *comme habitude* and in our usual eccentric manner of "muddling through." Sometimes can't help feeling our weather's almost as British as us ourselves—what?

HASN'T been any backwardness about the indoor kind of Spring developments here in London now, at any rate and as aforementioned. Plays, plays, always more plays, and some rather extra springily cheerful ones lately, too, such as, *par exemple*, that

"That holiday feeling"

new Harold Terry one, *Collusion*, at the Ambassadors, wherein Mr. Hugh Wakefield is once more most brilliantly 'musing as a nice man who's dined more well than wisely, and Iris Hoey is the sort of quite unique wife you never see anywhere in all the world 'cept on the British stage. Has a young man friend, I mean, that she goes about with everywhere and has given a key of her flat to, but it's all 'pletely and entirely innocent, and he isn't even allowed to kiss her. Took a French friend of mine there the other night, and at the end she only said: "You English are wonderful!" And quite right, too, methinks. We really are, aren't we?

卐

APROPOS of anniversaries, by the way, it's Empire Day next week, too, which no one, I'm 'fraid, ever takes *very* much notice of, but happens to be also same day as fixed for opening of the Wembley Exhibish., which is *much* more important. Meanwhile things really do seem to have begun to get more and more Spring (not to say Summer) like, here in London now. In fact, June's arrived—at the Piccadilly, to join Dolly's revels—the lovely little dancer, I mean. And Courts now approach us in the near offing, and a new opera season starts at Covent Garden at the 'ginning of next month. All-Hun it'll be. Ah, well—if it's good to be able to remember, it's good, also, I s'pose, to be able to forget.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Bystanderisms: A New Competition for Readers

£50 FOR A PHRASE

BELOW is a list of well-known London Dance Clubs, Cabaret Shows, Country Clubs, Restaurants, etc., and we are offering readers a Prize of Fifty Pounds for the best phrase descriptive of the character *of any one the reader may select.*

The phrase must not be more than four words in length. Competitors can send in attempts for one only or for any number of the Clubs and Restaurants mentioned, but each attempt must be made on a separate coupon, which will be found on *the third page of cover.* There is, of course, no entrance fee.

The Competition will remain open for several weeks, and the closing date will be announced later.

In order to assist readers, we give an example of the type of phrase required :—

NAME OF CLUB—Regent's Park Country Club.
BYSTANDERISM—That (K)Russian Feeling.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DANCE CLUB.
BELGRAVIA HOTEL.
BERKELEY HOTEL.
BLANCHARD'S CLUB.
CAFÉ ROYAL.
CARLTON HOTEL.
CECIL HOTEL.
CIRO'S CLUB.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
CRITERION ROOF GARDEN.
EMBASSY CLUB.
EMPRESS ROOMS.
GRAFTON GALLERIES CLUB.
HAMBONE CLUB.
HURLINGHAM CLUB.
HYDE PARK HOTEL.
LONDON COUNTRY CLUB.
MAYFAIR DANCE CLUB.
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES.
MOOR PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
ODDENINO'S RESTAURANT.
PICCADILLY RESTAURANT.
PRINCES'.
QUEEN'S HALL ROOF.
RANELAGH CLUB.
REGENT'S PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
RITZ HOTEL.
RIVIERA CLUB.
ROEHAMPTON CLUB.
ROMANO'S RESTAURANT.
SAVOY HOTEL.
SIMPSON'S.
TROCADERO RESTAURANT
TUSCAN RESTAURANT.
WALDORF HOTEL.

The decision of the Editor will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into in regard to the Competition. Competitors can enter only on this understanding.

The Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the phrases sent in if he so wishes.

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The great superiority of the quality of "BLACK & WHITE" is evidenced by an always increasing demand both in the Home and in the Export Market.

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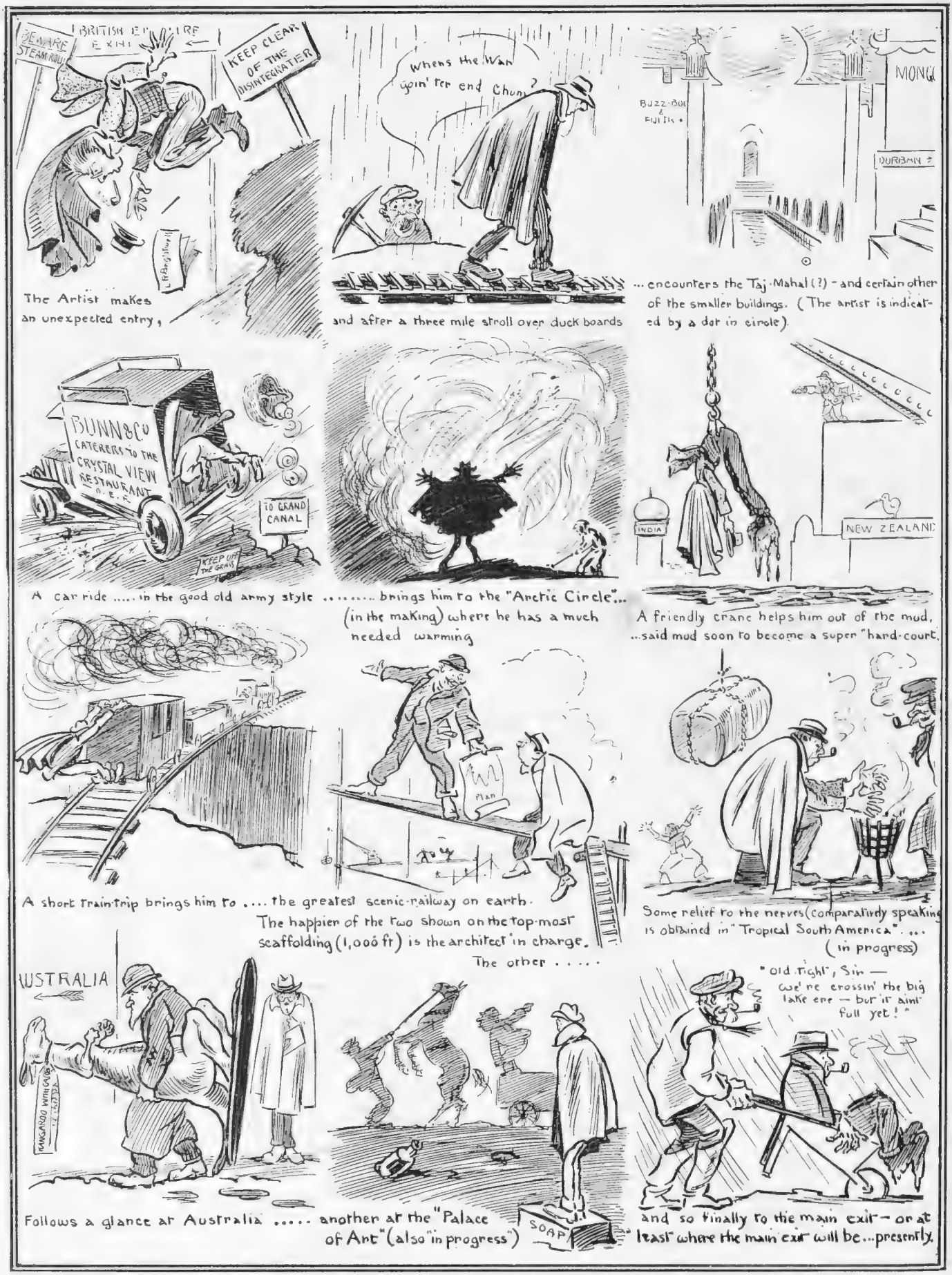
Some Pictorial Wanderings at Wembley



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

It takes all sorts to make a world of Wembley; those who will be seeing it in all the glory of completion will, perhaps, not realise all the spade (and crane) work that went to its making. Only a week or two ago it was like this. And now . . . But you'll be seeing it for yourselves!

THE ERRANT GOLFER IN SCOTLAND

By Dell Leigh

No. 1.—The Stronghold

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

FEAR is a common ailment that most Englishmen suffer from when approaching a famous Scotch golf course for the first time. I can imagine nothing more trying to the nerves than the rather ominous approach to Prestwick, for example, along the tram lines from Ayr. You are getting nearer every palpitating moment to one of the strongholds of the great game as it is properly played, and has been played hereabouts since fourteen hundred and something.

But fear, and a vehement desire to get off the first tee absolutely last, on the part of the wobbly ten handicap man, is an error. There is no need for nerves really. It is only afterwards, after you have played a dam-fine-round-although-you-say-it-as-shouldn't, that you begin to realise the enormity of your cheek in venturing into this fastness of the favoured few. The favoured few are the courteous gentlemen who sit about in the club smoking-room at Prestwick on a Monday or a Tuesday or a Wednesday (it matters not) and talk about anything except golf. The golf bore is not suffered gladly here. It isn't done.

I know some Englishmen—I have done it myself—who crash into the carriage-drive here in a hefty great car, lunch, pay a colossal green fee, take the Pro. out (at great expense), tea, and depart again in a cloud of dust, quite oblivious of what the moving mouths are saying to each other behind the clubhouse windows as the calm faces of the members regard you stolidly. Motoring over from Glasgow for a casual round of golf at Prestwick is about as impertinent as it would be if you undertook in cold blood to edit this paper for a spell of weeks.

It is only when a couple of elderly caddies approach you and beckon sombrely towards the first tee without speaking, that the chill feeling of mediocrity begins to envelop you. Have you been wise in butting in like this upon a course where so many championships have been played that they can't give you the exact number? The first tee, if you please, is in full view of *all* the windows, behind which are rows of faces of men with National Handicaps! What *have* you done? Moreover, this first hole with the ubiquitous railway line running alongside in the direct line of your usual drive is where Harry Vardon put his first two shots out of bounds in the Open Championship once. But then you recollect that his third hit the wall, bounced back, and he was down in 5 after all. H'm—wish you could say the same. You wish you had not come.

"We shall never know because they are too polite"

Idiotic, showing your palsied play on a course like this, before all these hard-bitten Scotsmen.

It is in much this frame of mind that you take a quivering first stance. There is a reek of championship atmosphere about the place; and you—well, everybody knows what *your* golf is like. But the amazing thing is that you play the game of your life. Once out of sight of the stately grey clubhouse and all your golfing ability seems miraculously to assert itself. It is, of course, the magnificent turf and the lies that help you to this achievement.

You are pulled up with a jerk once or twice, and made cognizant of your inferiority. As, for example, at the 4th, where you get a dazzling 4, you ask when walking off the green, "I say, what's bogey for that hole?" The reply comes dourly that Prestwickians don't play against bogey. They don't recognize "bogey," as you call it. To them there is no such thing. They play matches here—nothing else. But you are revitalised at the world-famous 5th, the Himalayas, where you get into appalling trouble, by the consoling thought that Hylton once took 11 for this in a Championship. Also at the Cardinal (the 16th) James Braid took 8, and still won the Championship. You, by the way, took—but no matter. The wooden sleepers on the face of the Cardinal bunker are a terror to better men than you, and always have been.

I must tell you about the 17th here (if you don't know). The world-famous "Alps" hole, which the Americans copied *in toto*, by plaster casts and diagrams and photographs and much talk of "Gee, *some* hole!" and so on. When you come to its tee for the first time you will be told, quite simply, that it is "the finest two-shot hole in the world." You can quite believe it.

But for whom is it a two-shot hole? If you could guarantee to get on in two, five times out of fifteen, none of your hats would be large enough for you.

I suppose one ought to talk about other features of this classic course, like the Pow Burn, which runs omnivorously along one side of it, and all that kind of trouble. But no; I am concerned here always with two things. The bunkers, which, although now serving no legitimate purpose because in some forgotten year before any of us were born they altered the course here and there, they won't dream of removing seeing that *le bon Dieu* placed them where they are. That is typical of the atmosphere of Prestwick.

"You get into appalling trouble"

The other thing is the regal courtesy of the members of the stronghold towards the incompetent Englishman. Golfers who would, in all human probability, be 9 up on you at the 11th in a match, discover you frantically trying to find your way amid the labyrinth of the many-locker rooms, and pilot you cheerily back to the hospitality of the smoking-room, hung with portraits of past giants. Here you consume indescribably beautiful whisky and talk to people of a kind you have never met before, except in golf memoirs. People, I mean, who in a perfectly natural manner, preface a story with such remarks as, "I remember when I was refereeing a Championship here once, Holderness had a long putt to win. . . ." It seems to me that if you can converse as man to man with golfers of this calibre you must be some golfer yourself. And yet I am not—anything but. The really interesting thing would be to know what these Prestwickians, encased in their courtly stronghold (a stronghold, mark you, where no women are allowed on the course other than the wives and daughters of members, and not over-much of them!) really think of the London *soi-disant* golfer?

We shall never know. Because they are much too polite to tell. They say very little up in Scotland; but, mon, ye understan', they theenk an awfu' lot—aye!

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A "Dark" Derby Colt

LAST week the first quotations on the Derby from the London clubs were published, and it came as a surprise to most people to find Tom Pinch figuring as favourite. Those who helped to bring this colt down to a comparatively short price for the chief race of the year have a great deal more confidence in him than I can muster at the present time. I know that Tom Pinch is a very handsome colt and a fine mover, but he has never yet been seen on the racecourse, and it is highly improbable that Fred Darling would have given him a strenuous trial before the beginning of April. He *may* turn out to prove as great a smasher as was his own brother, Captain Cuttle, but for my part I prefer to see him do something in public before I regard him as a likely winner of the Derby.

Keep Off!

I HEARD during the recent Windsor meeting that the colt was giving his trainer some cause for anxiety, but according to the training reports from Beckhampton he has been in steady work up to the time of writing, so we must assume that there is not anything radically wrong with him. At the same time my information came from an unimpeachable quarter, and I advise my readers to keep off him for the time being so far as the Derby is concerned; there is plenty of time for those who want to back him. Most of the prominent candidates for the great Epsom race appear to have wintered well. The Aga Khan's two cracks, Diophon and Salmon-Trout, have grown well, and are both colts of fine power and substance.

Whatcombe's Best

IT is too early to say which of the pair will represent the Whatcombe stable in the Derby, but I shall not be at all surprised to see Salmon-Trout prove himself the better stayer of the two. The experts have told us that this colt has proppy forelegs, and is otherwise by no means in perfect shape, but I must confess that I could find very little fault with him when I looked him over carefully a few days ago. It is true that he is a trifle back at the knees, but his trainer does not think that this will cause him any trouble, and certainly it has not interfered with the colt so far.

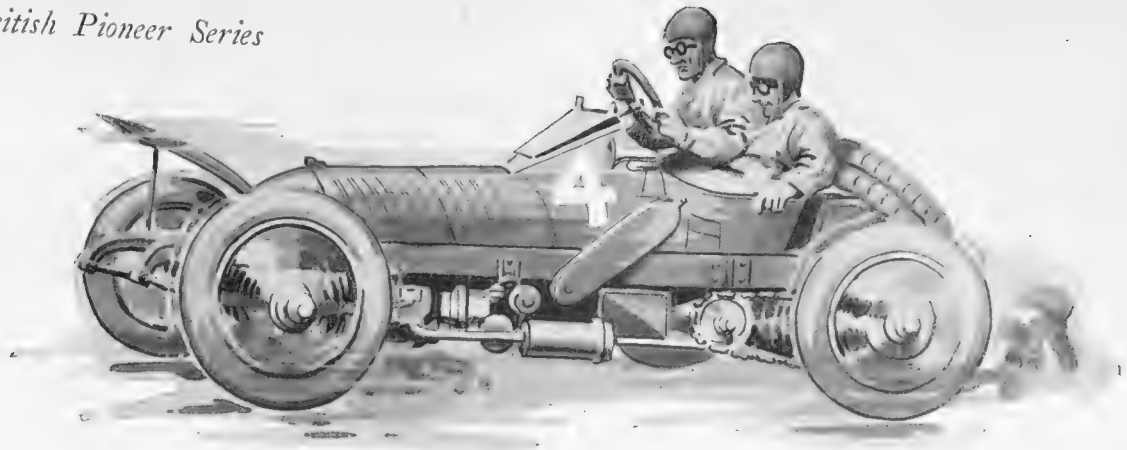
The Jubilee

ARE our friends in France going to carry off yet another of our most important handicaps? I ask this question because Kefalin appears to have been given an excellent chance of winning the Kempton Jubilee next month. If he is in anything like the same form as he was when he won the Grand Prix de Paris and was only just beaten in the French Derby, the colt must be very well handicapped at 8 st. 11 lb., which means that he will be receiving weight from Pharos and Parth. It is true that the last-named decisively beat Kefalin when they met in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe last autumn, but the French horse now enjoys a big pull in the weights.

Queen's Prize

THE present week is a slack one for racing owing to the approach of Easter, but we shall have an exceedingly busy time next week, when there is the usual crop of meetings on Bank Holiday, followed two days later by the opening of the Newmarket Craven fixture. The Queen's Prize at Kempton Park looks like achieving its usual popularity. I suggest that **Peter Rush** will prove the winner. Another interesting event at the same meeting will be the Easter Stakes, in which Tom Pinch holds an engagement, but I doubt whether the Beckhampton colt will be brought out, and I make **Jaunting Car** my selection.

"BP" British Pioneer Series



A Gordon-Bennett Racer

Streamlining was an unknown art in racing car design of 20 years ago, as may be gathered from the accompanying sketch of the Wolseley "Beetle" built for the historic Gordon-Bennett contests.

Nor had taxation, as in these days, any influence on engine size; for the bore of the "Beetle's" four-cylinder power unit measured no less than 153 millimetres!

It developed 50 b.h.p. at 850 revolutions, which contrasts strikingly with the 5000 or 6000 revolutions per minute common in racing cars of to-day. Its maximum pace was 68 miles per hour.

Two of these cars took part in the 1905 Gordon-Bennett in France, finishing 8th and 11th—the faster of the two driven by the late Hon. C. S. Rolls, averaging 40.4 miles an hour.

Fuel was a less potent factor in securing high speeds in the early days of motor racing than now, when engines are so finely balanced and tuned that only the very best of petrol must be used.

That is why racing men prefer "BP," which contributed materially to the success of the two winners in the last 200 miles races at Brooklands.

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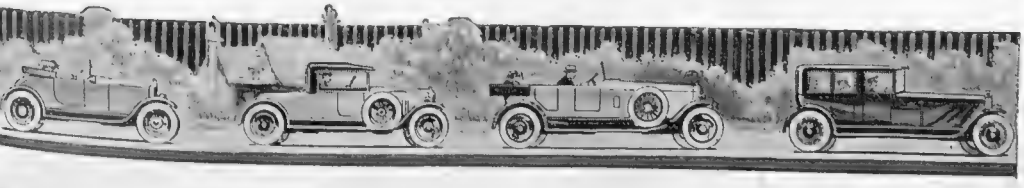
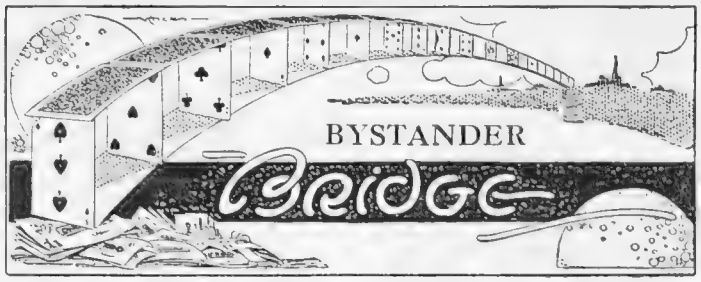


"BP"

The British Petrol



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ABOUT COMPETITIONS

THE four weeks' Competition, of which the result was announced last week, was an eye-opener to me because of the many mistakes made by competitors. I thought several of the problems I set were too easy in view of the prowess of so many of my readers, and that a great number would get them quite right. If the decision had been by plebiscite the results would, in many of the problems, have been very different. But as it was resolved, by an overwhelming majority of readers, when I put the question, that the decision of bidding problems should be left to me and not decided by plebiscite, I feel a necessity of justifying my rulings, or, at least, giving reasons for them. It may be that I am wrong and the majority of competitors are right. But I am comforted by the thought that one competitor agreed with me in every case and the rest of the prize-winners disagreed only in two or three of the problems.

. . . . . .

Now what is and what is not correct bidding is often a matter of opinion. It is foolish to be too dogmatic about it. Frequently one can say that a bid is glaringly wrong, but it is not so easy to assert that any particular bid is necessarily the right, proper and only bid. In other words, there is often no such thing as a *correct* bid. But in some of the problems I set—I am not going into them all—I have strong views.

. . . . . .

Take this case. Z dealt and called "three Diamonds." A "three Hearts." Y "No." B held—

S—A, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3. H—Q, 6, 5, 3. D—A. C—None. What should B say?

Ninety per cent. of the competitors plumped for "three Spades." Now I admit the holding of eight Spades is tempting, and if A had made no call the bid would be right. But why should B, holding four Hearts, interfere with his partner's call? He knows nothing of the distribution of the Spades. Unhesitatingly I rule that B should not mention his Spades, and, if Z or Y pursue Diamonds, or any other suit, B should support Hearts up to four.

. . . . . .

This hand occurred in actual play and B did call "three Spades." He made them, but lost the game. A held K, J, 10, to six Hearts, no Spades, and Ace, King of Clubs. A would have made a little slam in Hearts, but he could not bid four Hearts when his partner had taken him out in Spades. But, you may say, the distribution of the Spades was unusual and B could expect to make game in the suit. That, I submit, is no argument. B *knew* that, giving his partner six Hearts, they held between them ten of the suit, and he chose deliberately to bid an eight suit against a ten. I cite this case at length because it is an example of what so often happens. A player considers his own hand and does not realise the importance of co-operating with his partner. This sounds like a sermon!

. . . . . .

Next, please. Score: A, B game and 20. Y, Z nil. Z deals and passes. A "one no trumps." Y "two no-trumps." B "No." Z "four Clubs." A "three Spades." Y "three no-trumps." B "four Spades." Z holds—S—None. H—5, 3. D—6, 2. C—Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3, 2. What should Z say?

The proper answer, I consider, is "six Clubs." But most of my solutionists said, "No bid."

Now, of course, there is a possibility that Y has a double of "four Spades." But it is only a bare possibility. A has already called "one no-trumps." Y has gone "two" and "three no-trumps" and has shown a guard in Spades. But against Spades Z's hand is hopeless. It is also of no use in no-trumps except under the unlikely conditions that Y has A, K, and another Club.

Z's bid of "six Clubs" was necessary at the score and justifiable at any score on the bidding. He made his contract, little slam and four honours. Y held Ace and one other Club. The Spade bidder had none.

. . . . . .

Now for a case where I do not advocate an original bid. Score: Love all. Z deals and holds—S—K, J, 9, 5, 4. H—Q, 8, 7, 2. D—None. C—Q, 10, 5, 3. What should Z say?

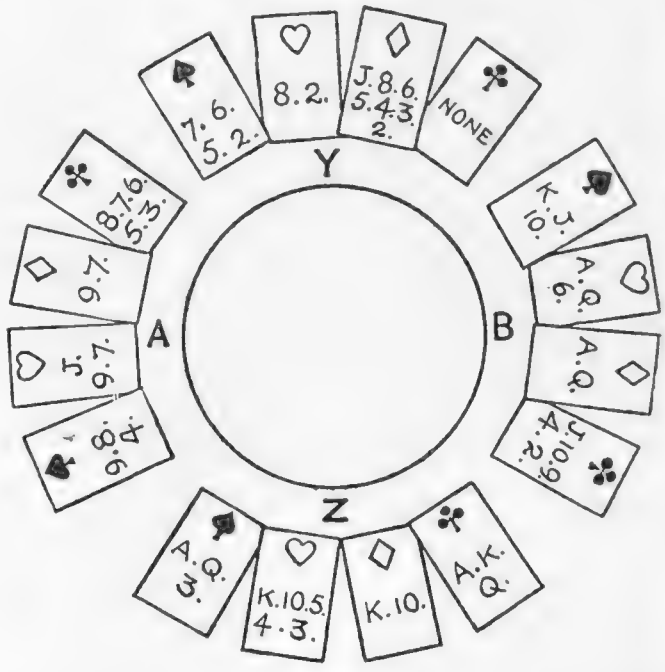
While most of the competitors advocate "one Spade" I will have none of it. The hand does not contain the requisite two quick tricks for an initial bid. I would prefer "one no-trumps" to "one Spade." But I consider that it is a hand on which, as dealer, one should pass.

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition—No. II.

First Prize	£10
Second Prize	£5
Third Prize	£3

And three Prizes of Bystander Bridge Sets, value One Guinea each.

Problem No. I.



Z deals and calls "one no-trumps." How should the bidding go, and what should be the result of the play?

. . . . . .

Prizes as above will be allotted to the competitors who obtain the highest number of marks. My decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the competition. The rules are as before. No competitor can send in more than one solution. Pseudonyms may be used, but full name and address must be given. To avoid taking up valuable space these rules will not be reprinted each week.

Competitors should keep their solutions, and not send them in until the closing date, which will be announced in the fourth week.

To H.M. THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

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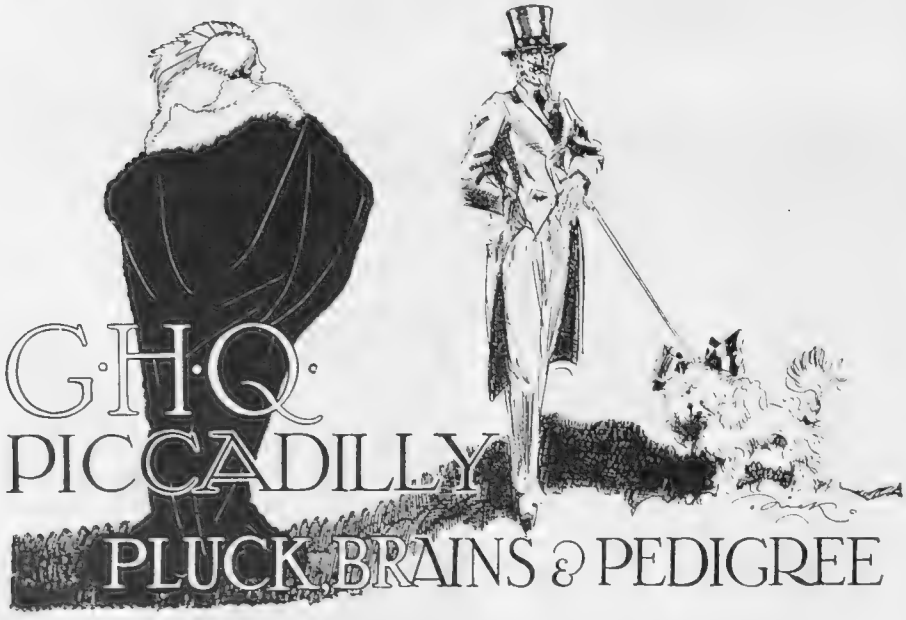

G·H·Q· PICCADILLY

PLUCK, BRAINS & PEDIGREE

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

With the friendliest of respectful salaams to La Société Centrale of France, and to the official headquarters of Dogdom in America, and every other land (the British Dominions have some flourishing Dog Clubs) it seems to me that we, in Britain, have a lot to congratulate ourselves upon in that admirable and very helpful institution the Kennel Club, of No. 84, Piccadilly. If you're doggy, you can't help knowing the Club, on paper, through registrations and the like; but you will find it well worth while to go a bit further.

Pay a visit to the Club itself, and meet its very knowledgeable Secretary, Mr. H. T. W. Bowell. Arrange to get *The Kennel Gazette* each month; invaluable organ. Associate membership of the Club costs little, and carries very attractive privileges. The new volume of the *Stud Book* will be available this month, and is a unique combination of *Debrett*, the *Red Book*, *Who's Who*, and half a dozen other tomes—for the doggy. And—quite a point, this—under Mr. Bowell's highly successful control, the K.C. has so prospered that it has just been able to reduce the Dog registration fee to a half-crown; so that any excuse there ever was for neglecting the christening and confirmation rites to which one's Dog pals are entitled, has been washed clean out.

The fashionable Sealyham, where he's not too fashionable, or confined to town life, and the show bench, is giving a creditable account of himself in sport, and going to ground with the gamest. As for Terrier gameness, consider the doings of the Irish Terrier bitch owned by Mr. W. Grey Rattray, of Johannesburg. Careful record has been kept of 260 snakes killed single-handed by this indomitable little sportswoman; mostly ringhals and cobras; and, apart from these recorded kills, she is known to have accounted for a good many in unauthorised hunting, on her own. She has often been bitten, and once lay comatose for forty-eight hours, after a cobra-bite; but she knows not the meaning of fear, and the instant her bright eye spots a snake the reptile is for it. It's her life or his, and no pourparlers about it.

"Who said snakes!"

One wonders if the female of the species is more deadly than the male. The elder of our champion-bred Pekingese trio is game as any of our hounds. To my knowledge, she has challenged five separate full-grown, farm-fed rats. She hasn't actually slain one, without assistance, noseless beauty that she is; because her little jaws, though strong as a vice, don't seem wide enough in stretch. Therefore, she gets punishment every time. But do you think it makes her shy? Not on your life. She's keener than ever, as huntress, and she will somehow pin her quarry, by sheer vehement pressure of mask and paws, till help, human or canine, brings the happy dispatch. A kill she will have.

The same little lady knows the time o' day, surely as any chronometer, and can tell a Sunday from a week-day before she's out of bed. She also knows, infallibly, Saturday evenings, from hours ahead of the time at which she gets a certain minute weekly dose of medicine, designed to keep her rheumatic tendency within bounds. She takes command of all Hound exercise parades (on time to the tick), calls me of a morning at six precisely, and keeps me in order at night by jumping off my knee on the first note of the stroke of ten; neither a second sooner or later. If you casually say: "What about this person's tea?" she understands it just as instantly as though you cry "biscuit" aloud. And you can't tire her in a long morning on the roads; nor lessen by a fraction her ridiculous belief that she will one day run down a rabbit, or even a hare, in open course.

Thank God, however, the cleverest of 'em do not, as yet, read the papers; though I know a Dandie who's done some listening in. If they ever take to reading, there really must be a censorship to black out the worst cruelty cases. Even three weeks in gaol (though vastly more appropriate than any fine, thank you, Mr. Magistrate) seems a trifling penalty for the Broadstairs Hun who, to save himself the trouble of taking a Dog to a home to be painlessly destroyed, clubbed it into insensibility, and then left it. During the night the poor battered creature struggled as far as its immortal owner's door, and was there seen, slowly dying, in the morning. A blessing they can't read the papers, isn't it?

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That Fellow Feeling

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. III—The Bull-terrier as a "fearful dog" at the National Sporting Club

PARISIANA. By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

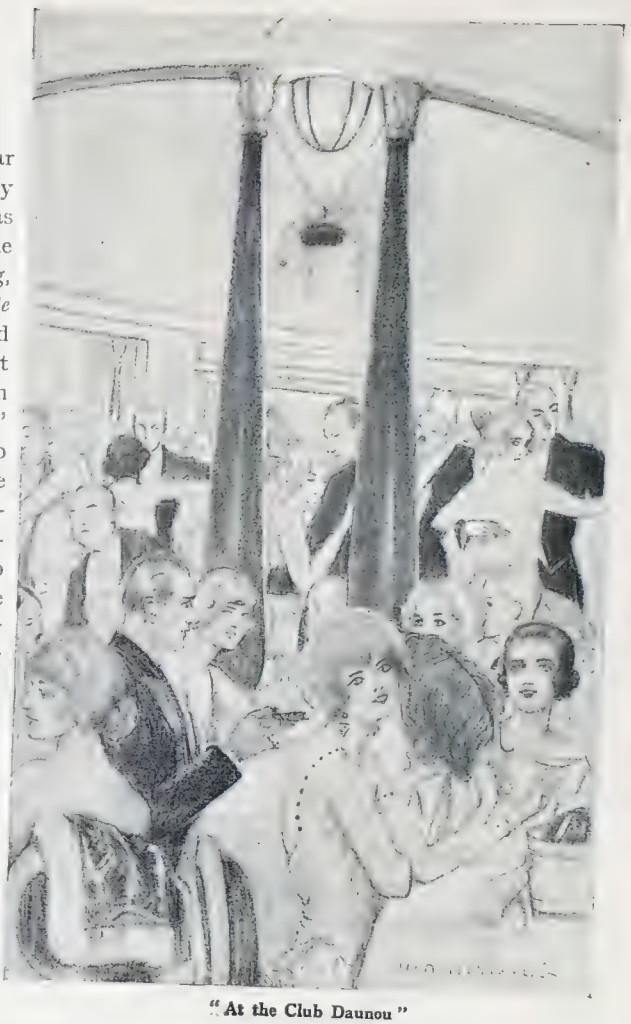
GOLF is a momentous matter on which I prefer to seek information, not to proffer it. Anyone successfully indicating to me how to recover a lost grip shall be rewarded with a blue Dunlop. The Cross-Channel Correspondents' Cup has to be fought for at Dieppe at the end of this month between teams representing American journalism in London and Anglo-American journalism in Paris, so the touch of that vanished hand must be restored somehow in the interval. It's very disquieting, for journalists in Paris take golf very seriously, as witness the following only too true story.

I PLAYED with one the other day who sliced a drive so badly that the ball buried itself in a distant wood. He was cross—in fact, very cross. He asked the caddie how many balls there were in the bag. The caddie produced half a dozen, glisteningly white and new. Ordered to tee up one, he obeyed, and my partner deliberately drove it into the depths of the wood. Ordered to tee up a second, we saw this follow the other two. One by one all six were placed in the heart of the thicket. We protested, particularly a man from Fife, who generously offered to buy the balls at half-price in order to spare himself the ordeal of witnessing such a waste, or alternatively, to save them for the tempestuous one, against the day when he should be on his game.

"NO," said the wood-whacker, with a rasp of finality, "that would be no use, for I shall never, never, play this futile game again. You go ahead and I'll walk in with you." We went on. Half-way to the next hole but one, a wistful voice was heard calling, "Say, has any of you fellows an old ball he wouldn't mind lending me. I'll just push it along with a mashie to keep you company." And at the next tee, out came the banished driver. . . .

A REVUE at the Concert Mayol without Parisys! With the surprise of discovery it seemed, at first, like the Casino de Paris without Mistinguett. Happily, in the result, it does not work out like that. One misses Parisys, of course, for her peculiar mannerisms, especially that quaint zizzle, seem as essential a part of the house as the cramming, but the progress of *Toute Nue* showed that she did not leave a gap like that in the Rue de Clichy when Miss. sailed for furrin' parts. Mistinguett had to be replaced by a double who imitated, very completely, the "outer boulevards" songs of the Casino favourite. For Parisys, we get Rose Amy and Gaby Montrose, and I personally enjoyed the exchange.

WE are now at that spring-cleaning stage of the season when the music-halls dust the cobwebs off their revues and make them into new productions. You would realise how much that means if you had sat through each one about a dozen times. Some of the Tiller girls were telling us the other night of the novelties they are shortly to introduce in the new show at the Folies-Bergère. Apparently this is intended to be more gorgeously spectacular than ever, for the benefit of the afore-mentioned Olympic Games' enthusiasts who will come, according to Paris anticipations, in their hundreds of thousands. It is to be hoped that the competitors themselves will be corralled in the suburbs, that for them the town shall be out of bounds, or the events will be a series of walk-overs for the case-hardened locals, the purlieus of the boulevards and Montmartre being scarcely conducive to hard training.



"At the Club Daunou"

"Marie Dubas in the 'Danse des Libellules'"

BARRY BARNARD was telling me of the surprising parting of Floriane and Revel, which followed the Riviera "season" of that well-known pair of burlesque dancers. Now Billy Revel is dancing with someone else in place of the clever Parisienne, who leaped so rapidly from the parade of the "democratic" Bal Tabarin to the fashionable dance-clubs of Paris, London and New York. Barry, who knows the value of a talented partner, has seized the unexpected opportunity, and now the Café de Paris crowds are

able to chuckle over the antics of the best couple of burlesque dancers of the capital. Floriane's gain is Spinelli's loss, for Barnard was expected to rejoin Spi., with whom he used to "eccentricise" at Rector's, when that most brilliant of Paris comédiennes leaves *Fredaine*.

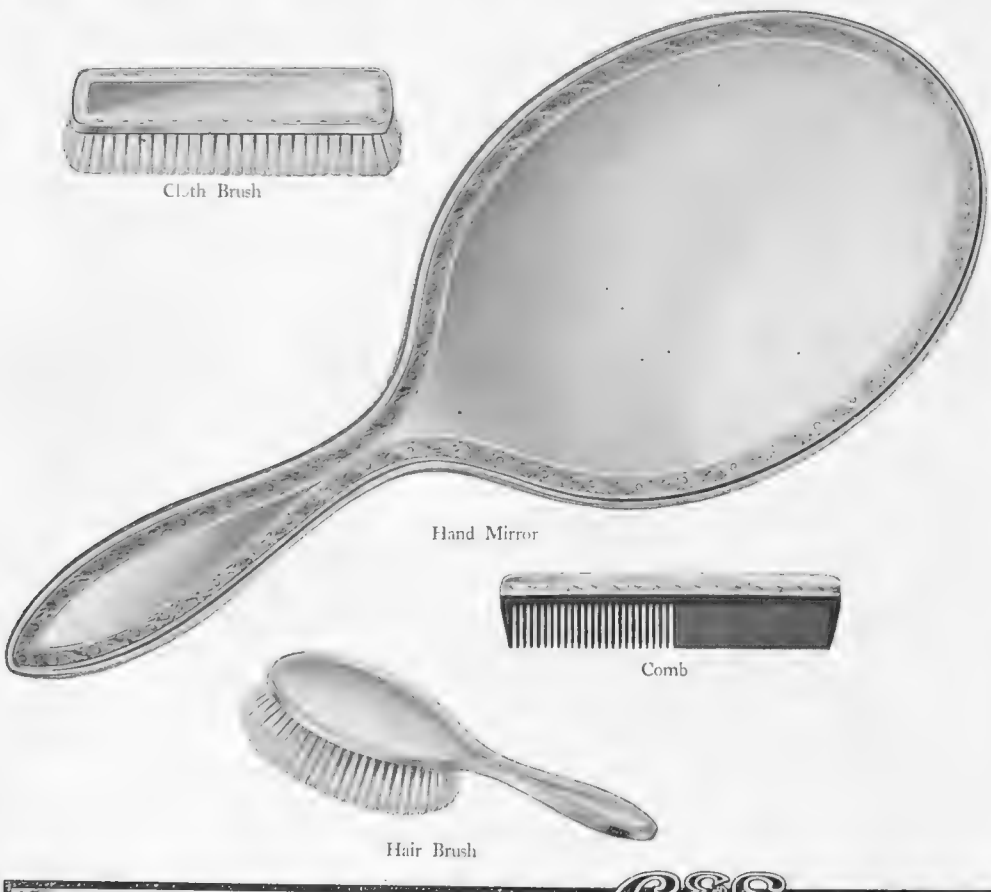
I AM glad to see that the boom period of the Club Daunou shows no sign of coming to an end, for this most English of the Paris *dancings* has a soothing atmosphere which has a particular appeal to me. I suppose it is the only one in Paris run by Englishmen, and these twain, the Tomson Twins, have a penchant for devising cabaret programmes which accord with the national habits. I must congratulate them on their selective capacity, for I have never seen a prettier and more harmoniously built chorus than that which provides the background for the Midnight Follies. I like the new edition of the Midnight Follies better than the old. Tim O'Conner, brother of Jack of the great Jack and Evelyn combination, is one of the best tumbling dancers that London has spared to us for some while. He appears to find a real personal enjoyment in his surroundings and his repartee exchanges with willing parties of revellers are almost as good as his ludicrous posturings, irresistibly humorous. And for those who wish to pick up points of style in dancing, Head and Zapp should suffice for the most exacting.

"A Tiller girl told us . . ."

SIGHS of satisfaction are heard from the Ba-Ta-Clan, where Franz Lehar's *Danse des Libellules* continues to have an almost surprising success. It is pleasant to hear such good news of the progress of Marie Dubas, whose merits were noted in THE BYSTANDER when she was able to get only limited scope in small parts at the Casino de Paris. There was not much space for anyone else when Mistinguett was practically monopolising all the foreground at the Casino, but Marie Dubas has justified our encouragement since she has ventured elsewhere and she should go on to big things.

PERHAPS it was the reaction at the end of a somewhat wild week, but I did not think the Bal Julian developed as much of the requisite "swing" as last year. Costumes this year were a feast of resplendence. I liked the jovial fellow who reeled about as a barrel of *Biere de la Meuse*, and I saw Nina Hamnett leading, Amazon-like, a party of English artists from Montparnasse, and wearing a *minuscule* bowler that would have brought murderous envy to the heart of George Robey.

RENÉ



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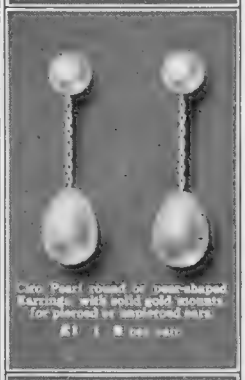

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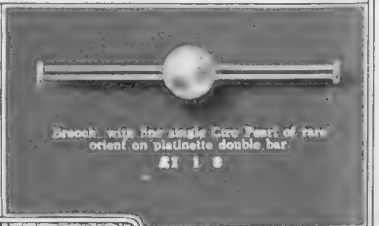

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FEMINA

GOLF BY ONE WHO DOESN'T

I'm aware that it's not a subject that can be reasonably discussed. With golf it is as with so many other obsessions—I mean games. You either play them in grim earnest, or you don't play them at all. To compromise is impossible; you can't pose as aloof and superior because you've never heard the call of the green. If you're a player and an expert, keeping up to your expertness will take you all your time, and if you're a dunce and an ignoramus, obviously the less said the better. And now, having proved that these remarks ought not to be made at all, I'll proceed with them.

I'm not a player. I understand from the one shining light I know intimately, that the golfer, like the cook and the genius, is born, not made. Therefore, before starting on a golf career, all you've got to do is to discover whether you were "born" or not. Could anything be simpler? There's no fumbling blindly, no breaking of hearts and wasting of lives, before you finally decide that you're the usual square peg in a round hole. The responsibility rests with Providence. It either made you a golfer, or it didn't.

Still, I can't help wishing that the Fates had arranged things differently. Could anything be more attractive than a little leisurely golf on an adorable April day with a sky dappled in pearly blue and white, exactly as it is in the posters of the superior artist people who now design for our good, and that of the "beauty spots of England"; with streaks of silvery showers and patches of golden sun, with the trees on the sky line a shimmer of green, and shy primroses peeping out of clumps of grass that's no longer tired of life and of winter?

Nor that the player who's a player notices anything of all this. For him the play's the thing, and the play only. That's the worst of any so-called recreation. It's not a game; it's an end in itself. Invented, I take it, to give a man pleasure and exercise from Saturday to Monday, it ends by being a business as strenuous as the one he's at from Monday to Saturday. It's equally beset by obstacles, threatened by competition. The life of the champion golfer or the champion anything else is not worth living. Think of the artistic qualms, the nerves, the stage-fright, the professional jealousy of the whole business, of the unpleasant thorns that flourish in the champion's bed of roses! You and I may think that his is just a spangled path from cup to cup, from glory to glory. To be listened to respectfully when you utter the merest platitude to have your every movement watched admiringly, to be interviewed, to be photographed, etc., etc., it sounds as if the game were worth the candle. But I wonder . . . *Sic transit gloria mundi* sooner or later, even the glory of the champion, and he does not like the passing. He hates the day when first it dawns upon him that his name isn't as much in the public eye as it was; when the interviewer goes to his rival for copy.

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

"THE LADY WITH THE BOUQUET"

Miss Edith Ashley in a scene from "The Whirl of the World" at the Palladium

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

Founder of the People's League of Health and Organiser of the Empire Ball to be given in aid of it at The Hill, Hampstead, on April 30. Tickets (price 30s. each) can be obtained from Miss Nethersole, at 12, Stratford Place, W. 1

Between the gods of the game and the mere man or woman on the course there are all sorts and conditions. And I'm thinking how nice the golfing girl looks in these days with her short curls under a small, sensible, suède hat, her knitted jumper—that boon and blessing to the sporting woman and to the others—her perfectly hung skirt, and her neat, country-shod feet. And when I think how we golfed in the old days in a hard, hard hat, and a stiff, stiff collar, and a long, long skirt, I wonder that, with such a handicap, we ever achieved anything in the handicap line. It showed a great victory of mind over matter, of muscle over environment.

It's a very nice, dignified game, of course, but it takes up a lot of space and leisure galore, and requires something very special in the way of a club-house and a secretary. Hence some of its attraction. And the sooner we women who don't golf realise that golf-fever, like genius, is a disease of sorts, the better for everybody. Because she couldn't see this, a much-neglected wife I heard of the other day decided to leave her golfing maniac of a husband. "Is this your last word?" he asked, miserably. "Yes." "Then," said he, "if you don't mind I think I'll just putt round the lawn while you finish your packing." CANDIDA

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

ACTUALLY *Perissa* (Grant Richards: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) is Mr. S. P. B. Mais's twenty-first book, and, I suppose, about his fourteenth novel. It is probably his best. Every time I take up one of his novels I marvel. Here is a man who is one of the hardest-worked journalists in London, with a multitude of interests: sporting—he is an old Oxford running Blue; dramatic—you will see him at every first night; educational, and I know not what else. You would imagine that he had no time for literature. And yet his novels show no signs of haste: they are virile and forthright things, the work of an enthusiast who has no use for half-measures. One or two people, I know, profess to be a little shocked; others find cause for criticism in the fact that there is some similarity in all the Maisian novels.

IN *Perissa*, however, if there is a hero not very different from the others, there are two or three feminine portraits which will long remain in your memory. Felicity Morgan is a thing of beauty and rather a joy, even if her behaviour cannot always be condoned. And Pauline, the wife of a rich brute who plays a new sort of game to keep her, is delightful. Poor Julian, stage-dancer, usher at a preparatory school (deliciously described) and advertising agent, is in love with Pauline and beloved by Felicity. The triangle as usual, but a brilliant exposition of the triangle, and a good story to boot. In fact, the novel contains the best *story* that Mr. Mais has ever told us, which explains why it has already sold many more copies than any of its predecessors.

IT is a real pleasure to read a book like Mr. Oswald J. Couldrey's *South Indian Hours* (Hurst and Blackett: 18*s*. net). You may not be particularly interested in India; you may even suppose that there are too many books about India already. Mr. Couldrey, however, is no dryasdust guide; he does not attempt to estimate the whole psychology of the Indian nations or the present state of Indian economics, or the probable future of the country. But he does take you with him on a sort of go-as-you-please ramble, during which he discourses wittily and entertainingly on out-of-the-way things that he has noticed, on the people you would be glad to meet in Southern India, and on quaint old customs and habits. And at the end of the tour you have obtained a fascinating insight into a corner of India which is not very well known in this country. Mr. Couldrey, incidentally, is his own illustrator, and his sketches, of which three are in colour, lend an additional interest to an unusual and gracious book.

Photograph *P. Macnamara*

MR. S. P. B. MAIS

Whose latest novel, "Perissa," is reviewed on this page. This novel brings Mr. Mais's output of books up to twenty-one

IF you want something altogether out of the ordinary in the way of novels, read Mr. Huntly Robertson's second book, *The Pentagram* (Grant Richards: 7*s*. 6*d*. net). I confess that the title misled me. I was prepared for one of those detective stories with secret societies and a thrill on every page. In reality the book is little more than a vivid portrait of a rather jolly, but sensitive and clever, boy in process of throwing off the shackles of step-motherdom. There is such a thing as

(*Continued on page 210*)

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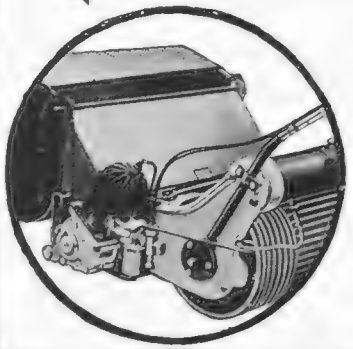

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a mental weaning. In young Gregor's case this mental weaning comes late, but, then, his stepmother is an exceptionally difficult person to deal with. Both she and Gregor are painted in with a very sure brush, and Mr. Robertson is skilful enough to maintain your interest in them to the last page. In fact, you cannot put the book down until you know how this youngster is going to deal with the peculiar situation in which he finds himself. Which means to say *The Pentagram* is a really fine piece of work, with a study of a boy which in its way is a little masterpiece.

❋

The House of Prophecy (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is another instalment of that rather gloomy, but very powerful, saga on which Mr. Gilbert Cannan (who believes with Mr. Wells and with a few other enthusiasts that a novel should do very much more than merely tell a story) has been engaged for the last few years. In one of the earlier volumes, you remember, a certain Professor Melian Stokes went to prison for his political views, while a most unpleasing Jew called Sembal was endeavouring to understand the British nation. The Professor has now been released and has succeeded to a Gladstonian peerage. Matty Boscawen is engaged to him, but at the last moment —— No matter. Melian is not her only admirer. There is no question whatever about the bigness of this saga: the only pity is that in writing of the war-period Mr. Cannan seems to have been satisfied to relate the stories of such an untypical little clique of people. You become irritated, and sometimes wholly baffled—particularly by Sembal, who rarely exhibits any of those qualities which would explain why so many of his friends call him a genius. As a mere story I am inclined to think that *The House of Prophecy* is the most interesting of the series, which, by the way, is to have yet another volume.

Photograph *Janet Jevons*

MR. CARADOC EVANS

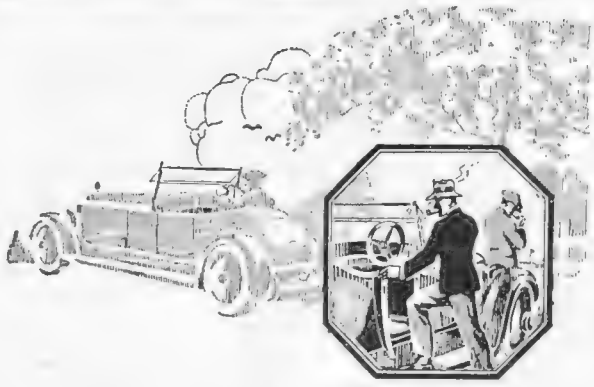
A recent portrait of the well-known Welsh author, who has some unconventional books and at least one much-discussed play to his credit

❋

THE late Mrs. Skrine's name as a novelist was unknown to me, but her book, *The Black Cow* (Arnold: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), makes me wish that I was familiar with her other work. For this dramatic little tale of the countryside as it was in the years immediately preceding the War is astonishingly good and delightfully written. I will not describe the plot, which centres about a theft of jewels, but in Harry, a young labourer who is liable to have epileptic fits, Mrs. Skrine has created a vividly real person, and in his stepmother, the hardworking peasant woman who manages to carry on cheerfully in the most difficult circumstances, you have a lovable character whose acquaintance it is good to make. Indeed, the book is brimful of charming people, and you must certainly put it on your library list.

❋

THE libraries have banned *The Man Who Never Understood* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and I cannot say that I am surprised. The novel is issued anonymously, but it is not very difficult to guess the writer's identity. It has the merit of being well-written, and in places the letters of which it consists are interesting and even diverting, but at such times when the writer is "pouring out her whole soul" I found it rather too much. Hysteria should be kept out of novels. R. S.



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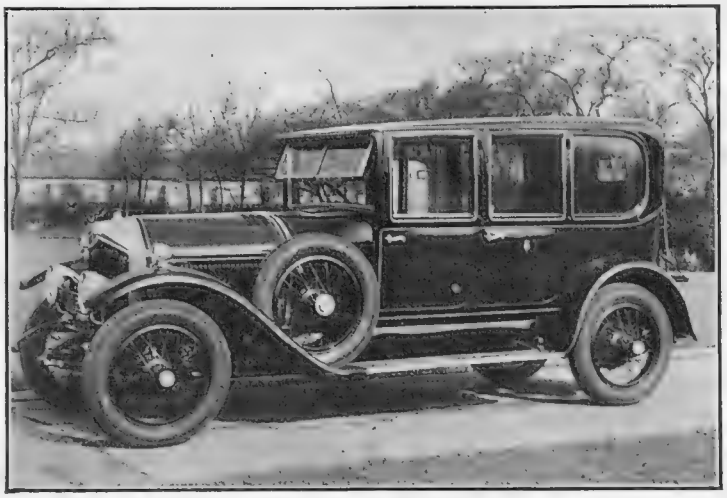
MOTOR NOTES



FIT FOR A PRINCE

The new Crossley interior-drive saloon-limousine built for the Prince of Wales. The body is painted in the Royal colours, and the interior is upholstered in blue Bedford cord with blue silk window blinds; the wood fittings are, of course, mahogany

BROOKLANDS is likely to see a few new racing cars on its track this season besides most of the old ones that are the backbone of the entries. I write these lines before Easter Monday, so reserve "all rights" of being wrong, but it is whispered that Count Zborowski has managed to develop a few extra h.p.'s out of his eight-cylinder Ballot that he drove at the Kop Hill climb. It used to hold the ten miles record at 115.57 m.p.h. in 1922, so I must leave the reader to guess what it does now. The question is, will it beat the handicapper when it runs?

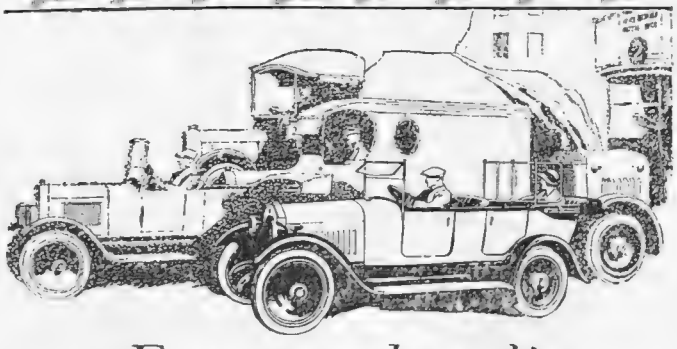
* * *

HOWEY and Thomas both drive the Leyland Eights. It is this car that holds the present ten-miles world's record at 116.41 miles per hour, which is well to remember when looking for winners. Mr. H. W. Cook, in his red and black painted Vauxhall, has done a flying lap at 107.69 miles per hour, so it was not surprising to Brookland *habitués* that he made fastest time up Kop Hill in the Essex Motor Club hill-climb lately. The six-cylinder A.C. can lap at all sorts of speeds, but its fifty miles at an average of 89.25 miles per hour is not a bad gauge when looking at the handicaps. The 10 h.p. Wolseley can lap at 76.73 m.p.h., while the old Lorraine-Dietrich did 103.33 miles per hour for a flying lap at the final meeting last year. The Bentley is credited with lapping at 104.85 m.p.h., and Morgan's Aston Martin at 86.17 m.p.h. as against the Deemster's 86.92 m.p.h., and it will be interesting to note whether these speeds are improved upon at Easter Monday's Brooklands race meeting. Brocklebank's old Peugeot can also lap at 106.19 m.p.h., and Malcolm Campbell's Itala at 76.27 m.p.h., though the racing Marseal does 80.59 m.p.h. Still, these speeds are but a slight guide to help the visitor to find a winner or two, unless checked on the handicap given in any particular race.

* * *

IN my Easter search for novelties I found another gadget produced for the benefit of the Morris car owner. This is the "Superb" carburettor, which has come over to this country from Australia. I had a run on a Morris-Cowley fitted with it, and the car's owner said it was doing forty-three miles per gallon and gave the engine better acceleration. It certainly ran very well, and the principle of the system of atomisation is quite good. How it works can best be briefly described as warming the mixture chamber and passing the petrol vapour through heated baffle plates, combined with an automatic air control that operates by the suction of the engine. Also, it enables the driver to adjust his flow of fuel from the front seat, or shut it off entirely when coasting, irrespective of the throttle, as a choke or movable jet is operated by the driver, and can be set to suit the daily conditions. I rather fancy this is where its users get the petrol economy if they choose to be duly careful.

Continued on page 214



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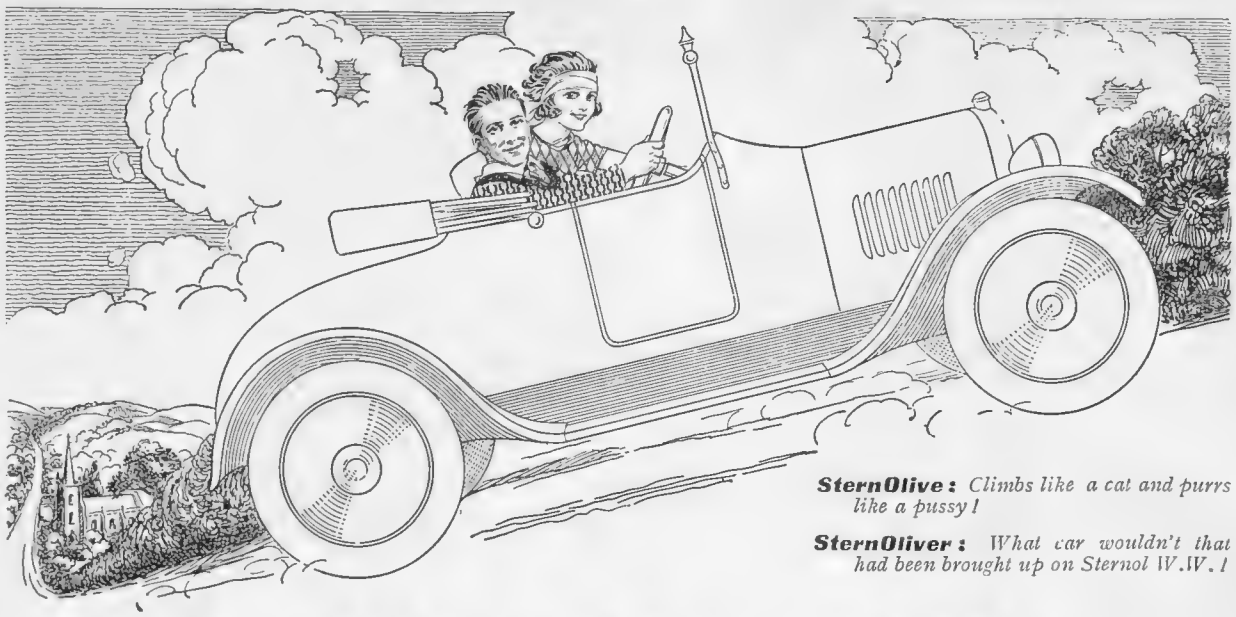

SternOlive: *Climbs like a cat and purrs like a pussy!*

SternOliver: *What car wouldn't that had been brought up on Sternol W.W.!*

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LISTEN to a car on a gruelling climb. *Hear* how it is lubricated. Does it chatter with fright as the gradient stiffens? Does the radiator perspire with apprehension? Do the gears give a long, hacking cough at each change down? Poor lubrication, depend upon it, in nine out of ten cases!

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"AMBROLEUM CLINGS TO THE TEETH."

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

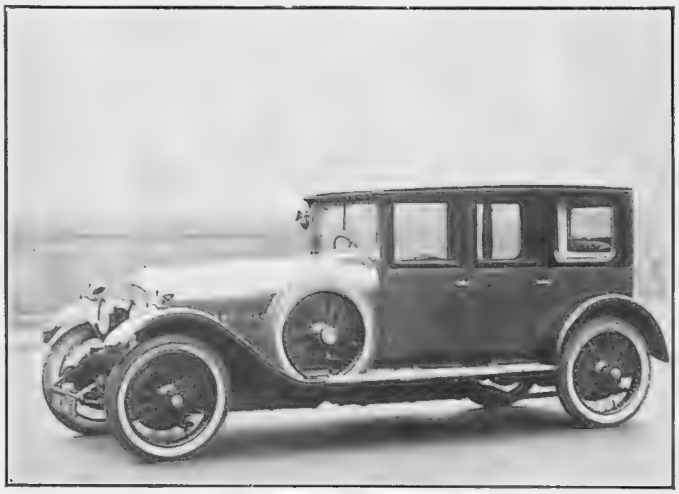
MORRIS-COWLEY cars are being fitted by some owners with the Whitehead front-wheel brakes. I tested these recently on one of these cars, and it certainly pulled them up in half the distance that the ordinary rear brakes alone did. Yet, strange to relate, the front brakes were only providing 10 per cent. of the total stopping power, 90 per cent. being given by the rear wheels. I really should like to know exactly how the combined efforts produced 50 per cent. better braking, yet, apparently, only 10 per cent. additional brakes were applied. My idea is that the front-wheel brakes keep the wheels on the ground, and perhaps one gets better efficiency then from the standard article fitted. Anyhow, after 2000 miles the Morris-Cowley car on which I tested it seems not a whit the worse for it, and stopped much quicker.

* *
*

SOME few years ago British motor manufacturers were all preaching the doctrine of "one model only" as regards horse power of the engine. Some did make a "long" and a "short" chassis, when the body was in the first case an enclosed type and an open touring car in the latter. But the cry was "reduce cost by making one model only." To-day beyond Napiers in the high-class market and one or two small firms like the Palladium in the cheaper cars, practically all makers are returning to their old habit of endeavouring to cater for as many classes of car-owners as possible, and so making two or more models. I ought, of course, to include the new six-cylinder Aster in the one-model class, but this is only just being put into production, so I know very little as to its merits. The engine is slightly bigger and, I hope, has a bit more "kick" in it than the older type.

* *
*

I WAS present at the demonstration given recently at Aldershot and Hindhead, before the officials of the War Office and other departments, of the six wheeler 13.9 h.p. Renault, with its four-wheel rear-drive. This was the same car that ran some 2,000 miles over the Sahara desert last November. Fitted with Michelin disc wheels and low-pressure "comfort" tyres, it certainly did get over the rough ground and sand, and climbed several steep gradients successfully. Distributing the load of 15 cwt., plus that of the vehicle itself over these soft tyres (12 lbs. pressure per square inch) certainly helps such a comparatively small engine to haul over swamps, sand, and awkward places much easier than the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle. Though, to the credit of the latter, I have seen some of these do wonderful feats on Laffan's Plain.



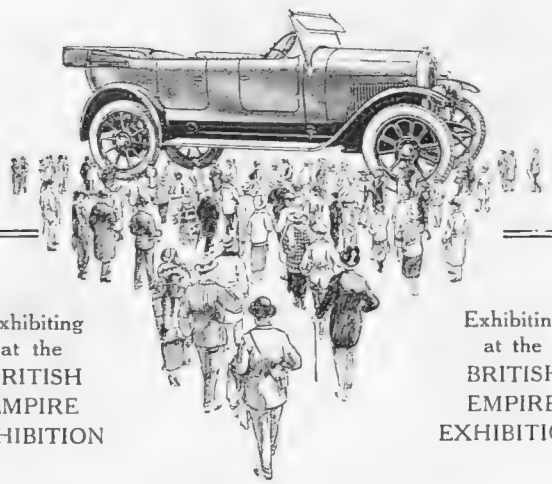
A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

A three-litre Bentley fitted with four-seater saloon "Weymann" limousine. This is the first Weymann model to be mounted upon the Bentley chassis

* *
*

SOMEBODY was complaining the other day that the sports models were not so popular. "And a jolly good thing, too," came from the corner of the smoking-room. Well, of course youth will have its fling, and the sports model is usually less comfortable, more draughty, more expensive to buy, and less pleasant to drive in traffic than the ordinary standard car. Also, our young men have not the spare cash to spend to keep them in tune. And everybody who has once owned a sports engine knows it requires a lot of attention to keep it up to its highest efficiency output of h.p. Still, there is room for both on the road — for the time being.

OLD HY.



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CLOSE TO PURLEY DOWNS GOLF LINKS.

Beautifully situate, 400 ft. up. Uninterrupted views over wide expanse of picturesque country. Substantially Built. Well Secluded. Pleasing Elevation.

REALLY CHOICE MODERN RESIDENCE, in excellent order, containing: spacious hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

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UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS, beautifully matured, including tennis and other lawns, terrace walk, rosery, kitchen, flower and fruit gardens, shrubbery and natural woodland, in all about 2 ACRES.

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30 minutes by rail from Baker Street.

Delightful position in best part of this favourite district.

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Convenient for Golf.

PICTURESQUE WELL-APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and ample offices.

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CHARMING PLEASURE GROUNDS with full-size tennis lawn, fine old trees, rose gardens, etc., in all about ¾ ACRE.

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

FAVOURITE DISTRICT.

Excellent HOUSE. High position. Splendid views. Within easy reach of 3 Stations.

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EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, close to post office, shops, also English and Roman Catholic churches: large hall, 3 reception, 7 principal bed and dressing rooms, servants' rooms, bathroom and offices.

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DELIGHTFUL MATURED GARDENS, including tennis and other lawns, herbaceous borders, large productive kitchen garden with glasshouses, orchard and pastureland, in all about 6 ACRES.

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On one of the favourite Reaches of the Thames.

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ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful situation, convenient for shops, post office and church: panelled lounge hall, 3 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms and offices.

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SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

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IN PERFECT ORDER THROUGHOUT.

A MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY FITTED RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and compact offices; lease 28 years; low ground rent.—Apply, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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BERKELEY SQUARE.

NEWLY DECORATED AND FITTED RESIDENCE, in the best position of this important Square; suitable for entertaining on a moderate scale; long lease, at low ground rent, for SALE; splendid garage included.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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MODERNISED AND REDECORATED THROUGHOUT

A WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE in a favourite position: 8 bed, 2 bath, 5 reception rooms and good offices; independent hot water; service lift; direct lease 63 years; ground rent £100 p.a.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

IN A QUIET SECLUDED SQUARE.

A MODERNISED AND REDECORATED RESIDENCE, overlooking and with access to gardens: 8 bed, 3 bath, 4 reception rooms, etc.; lease 60 years; ground rent, £68 p.a.—Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

PRICE £3,400

REDECORATED.

A UNIQUE NON-BASEMENT RESIDENCE, situate close to Knightsbridge, and comprising: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, pretty tiled hall and offices; independent heating and hot water; gas fires, cooker, etc; lease 4½ years; premium only £420.—Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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MODERNISED AND REDECORATED THROUGHOUT

MONTAGUE PLACE, W.1.—A COMPACT and WELL-APPOINTED medium-sized RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and excellent offices; lease 35 years; low ground rent.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

A FEW DOORS FROM REGENT'S PARK.—A COMPACT RESIDENCE: 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 sitting rooms, light offices; small garden.—Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

FREEHOLD £2,100

UNFURNISHED TOWN FLATS AND MAISONNETTES.

	Bed.	Bath.	Reception.	Lease.	Rent.	Premium.	Remarks.
Mount Street, W.1	5	1	2	13	£400	£900	Fine Flat. Lift.
Sloane Street	4	1	2	12	300	500	Includes Fittings. Lift
Sloane Court	4	1	2	7½	300	400	Quiet. Gardens.
South Kensington	4	1	2	7-14	220	500	Redecorated.
Ditto	4	1	2	7-14	140	450	,,
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Particulars of these and other excellent Flats on application.

Carefully Selected Lists of FURNISHED TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS situate in the best Positions and available for Season or longer periods at moderate rentals will be forwarded on receipt of instructions.

BOURNEMOUTH.

"THE GARDEN CITY AMONGST THE PINES"

Telegrams: "Curtison, Bournemouth." Telephones: 1839 Bournemouth; 24 Poole; 7 Broadstone.

J. T. CURTIS, SON & SINCLAIR, F.A.I.

AUCTIONEERS — LAND AGENTS

190, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.
(Opposite Holy Trinity Church)
and at 42, Station Road, POOLE; The Estate Office, BROADSTONE.

PORTMAN ESTATE, BOSCOMBE.

WELL-DESIGNED AND EXCELLENTLY CONSTRUCTED DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCES FOR SALE on this beautiful Estate, close to overcliff drive and sea. Accommodation: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 5 bedrooms and good domestic offices. Room for garage.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE.

COMPANY'S WATER AND EVERY CONVENIENCE

PRICES FROM £2,200, FREEHOLD.

Detailed list and full particulars from the Agents,
—J. T. CURTIS, SON and SINCLAIR, as above.

IFORD, NEAR CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

A COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE, standing in extensive grounds on the River Stour; suitable for private residence, or for an hotel: 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 12 bedrooms and good domestic offices; electric light and every convenience.

GARAGE AND STABLING.

In a good state of repair throughout.

PRICE, £10,000, FREEHOLD.

VACANT POSSESSION.

For further particulars apply to the Agents,
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SOUTHBOURNE, BOURNEMOUTH.

Within 2 minutes of Sea Front, Trams and Shops.

GENTLEMAN'S DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in large garden and facing due South: 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 5 excellent bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and usual offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. COMPANY'S WATER.

MAIN DRAINAGE.

Excellent state of repair.

PRICE, £2,600, OR OFFER.

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—J. T. CURTIS, SON and SINCLAIR, as above.

WEST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE, standing in secluded grounds with fruit and kitchen gardens: 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 9 bed and dressing rooms, housekeeper's room, boxrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, AND ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

BARGAIN PRICE FOR QUICK SALE, £2,800.

Lease, 64 years; ground rent, 18 gns. per annum.

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NORTHWOOD ESTATE, BOURNEMOUTH.

High Healthy Situation, convenient for the Meyrick and Queen's Park 18-hole Golf Courses. Within 10 minutes of the centre of the Town and Sea Front.

EXCELLENTLY CONSTRUCTED MODERN RESIDENCES, containing: 4-5 bedrooms and 2-3 reception rooms; standing in good gardens, with room for garages if required.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, Etc.

PRICES FROM £1,500—£2,400, FREEHOLD.

Detailed list, map and full particulars from the Agents,
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CANFORD CLIFFS.

ARCHITECTS' ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, standing in large garden with room for garage and tennis court if required. Accommodation: 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 4 bedrooms (3 of which are fitted toilet basins, h. and c. supply, and have a South aspect), good offices; verandah and excellent cupboard accommodation.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, COMPANY'S WATER.

Motor-bus service to Bournemouth trams.

Situate close to the 18-HOLE PARKSTONE GOLF COURSE.

Good bathing, boating and sea-fishing.

PRICE, 2,000 GUINEAS, FREEHOLD.

VACANT POSSESSION.

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Messrs. J. T. CURTIS, SON & SINCLAIR will be pleased to forward selected lists of available Properties to be sold at all prices in any part of the BOURNEMOUTH district, and map of BOURNEMOUTH to applicants on receipt of instructions. Also of furnished Houses, furnished and unfurnished Flats, Hotels and Boarding House businesses for disposal, etc.

AUCTION SALES OF PROPERTY, FURNITURE AND EFFECTS, ETC., conducted in any part of the country. Fees on application.

What can more charmingly suggest the freshness and beauty of early Spring than Lilac Blossom in full flower.

Beautiful Floral designs for

CRETONNES & PRINTED LINENS

are a conspicuous feature in Story's Showrooms.

One of the latest examples is THE LILAC BLOSSOM CRETONNE at 2/8 per yd. Suitable for Bedroom Curtains or Loose Covers.

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STORY & Co. LTD., 49-53, Kensington High Street, W.

Established 70 years

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Naval, Military & General Outfitters

of

COVENT-GARDEN

(corner of KING ST. and Bedford Street)

have NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS

'Phone: Gerrard 3750 (3 lines).
'Grams: "Parsee Rand," London.

Own a SINGER and be satisfied

A Story of Satisfaction from SOCIETY.

"WHEN we glide home, past rattling 'bus and prowling taxi, leaving the lights of theatre land behind us, it's good to sink back into the depths of comfort and listen to the silky purr of the SINGER 'Six.' At peace with the world and all mankind. Such is the feeling behind a six-cylinder engine. Behind the SINGER it seems personified. A serene sense of satisfaction in consummate ease and power at your command. When I selected this SINGER 'Six' I realised what sterling worth I was buying at the price, £500, but until I had tried and tested her on the road I did not realise that I had got a car equal to many at double the price. That realisation has developed by degrees. Familiarity does not breed contempt in the case of the SINGER. It breeds respect."

Rotax Lighting & Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

The Story of the SINGER is always a Story of Satisfaction.

H.P.

The ANGLER

usually finds that the best fish haunt the most "difficult" places. Great care and skill are always required if the fly is to be successfully "put over" these big fellows.

The use of the best Rod, Reel and Line for this delicate work is essential.

Hardy's, who in addition to making the finest Fishing Rods, Reels and Tackle in the world are Expert Anglers, should be consulted by those who contemplate the purchase of fishing equipment.

Send P.C. for 1924 Anglers' Guide and Catalogue with plates of Flies in correct colours— NOW READY, *FREE.*

HARDY BROS. Ltd.

32 Bondgate, ALNWICK, ENGLAND.

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IMPROVED LIGHT

Made in two sizes, 20" & 24". Simple, Economical, Durable and absolutely Reliable. We also make Heavier Type MOTOR MOWERS: 24" to 42" sizes.

By Appt. to H.M. The King.

We are exhibiting at British Empire Exhibition, April to October this year. Stand H.S.11.

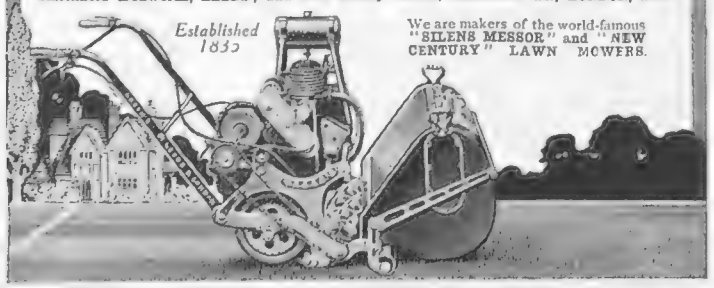
Please write for List No. 54 free.

THOS. GREEN & SON, Ltd.,

Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS; and New Surrey Works, Southwark St., LONDON, S.E.1

Established 1835

We are makers of the world-famous "SILENS MESSOR" and "NEW CENTURY" LAWN MOWERS.



EFFICIENT SERVICE

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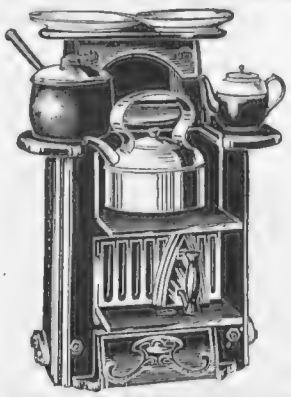

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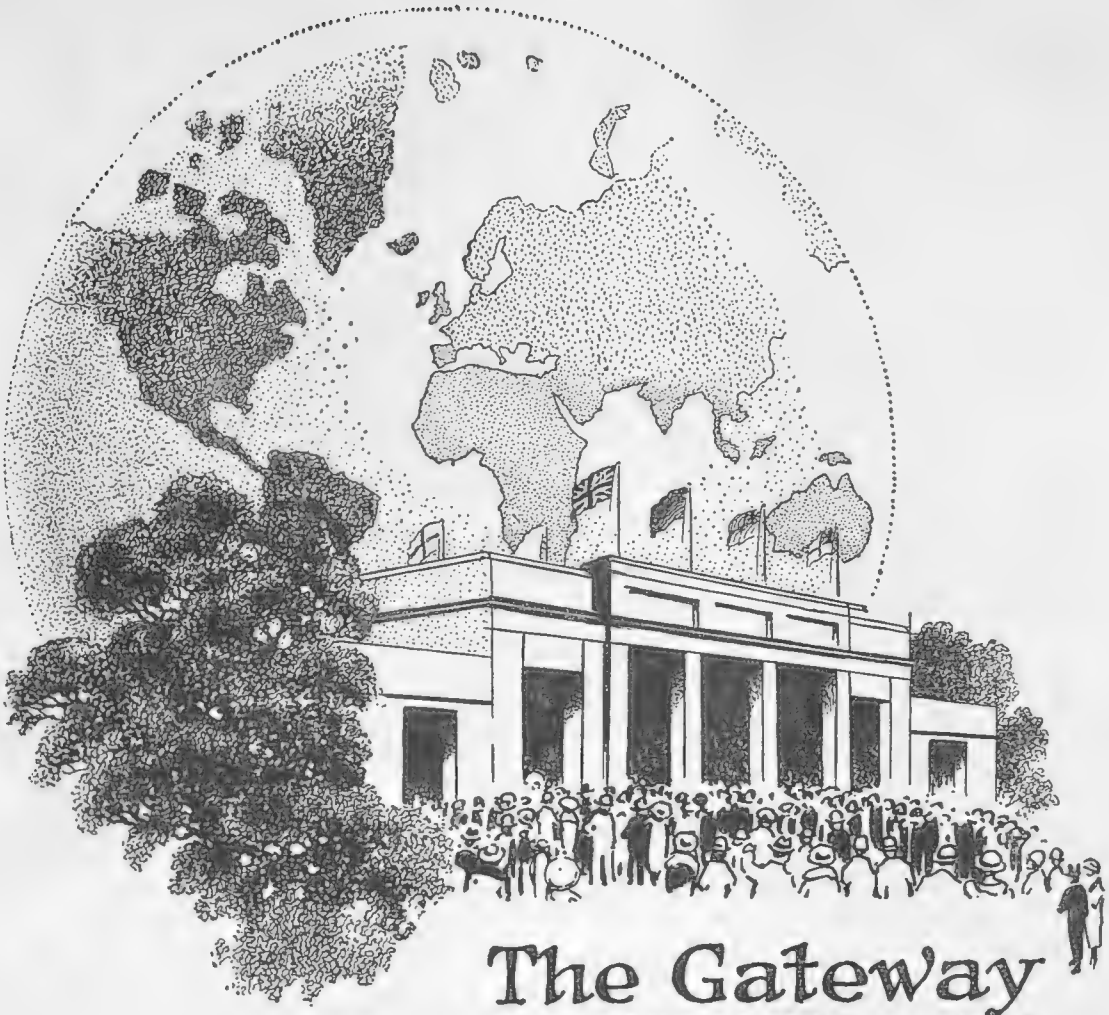
The Domestikatum Boiler

supplies plentiful hot water for baths, washing-up, etc., provision being made for doing all cooking except oven baking. The "Domestikatum" has hobs for warming plates and dishes, and also gives a cosy open fire when required. Its upkeep cost is infinitesimal. Attractive in appearance, and easy to manage. Write to-day for particulars and name of the nearest retailer.

May we have the pleasure of seeing you at the Building Trades Exhibition, Olympia, at our Stand No. 68, Row 'D' Ground Floor.

JONES & ATTWOOD, Ltd., Titan Boiler Works, Stourbridge.



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YOU must not miss the glories of Wembley.
Mankind throughout the centuries has never known a spectacle so wonderful. You will wander at your will in the magnificent Palaces of Industry and Engineering. Towers and pinnacles, domes and minarets, proclaim the range and splendour of our Commonwealth of Nations.
Designed to delight the eye, the British Empire Exhibition has a definite national purpose—to demonstrate to the ends of the earth what British skill and enterprise can achieve.
At Wembley the trader will increase his trade, the student his knowledge, the holiday-maker his pleasure.
The spacious Stadium, the music, the illuminated lakes, the glorious gardens, the broad highways, the Amusement Park of a thousand thrills—these are but a tithe of the triumphs that make Wembley the event of a lifetime.

ADMISSION, 1/6
CHILDREN, 9d.

H.M. the King will proclaim the Gate

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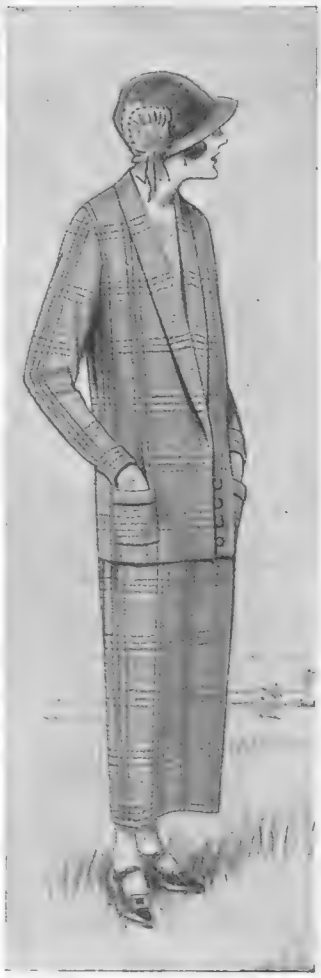
BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION
WEMBLEY LONDON
1924



Very Smart

"Alba"

Knitted Costume.

The "Dorna" is one of the neatest Sports Costumes of the new "Alba" range of Scotch Knitted Wear, obtainable only from Greensmith Downes. It will give very durable wear and will be found the very spirit of comfort, convenience and usefulness. Knitted in beautiful mixture effects checked in contrast colours most artistically blended as follows :—Fawn/Marl, Checked Purple, Fawn/Brick. Fawn/Saxe, Fawn/Grey, and Fawn/Brown.
Price only **£5-5-0**

Smart Hose to match in medium texture, neat striped effects.
Price per pair only **6/11**

Send for the new beautifully illustrated book of "Alba" Knitted Wear to

Greensmith Downes,
145, George Street, Edinburgh.

THE HOUSE FOR FINE FURNITURE

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, WEMBLEY.
The Furniture for H.M. The King's private suite of rooms in the British Government Building has been specially manufactured and supplied by our Modern Furniture Departments.
ANTIQUE FURNITURE. RARE OPPORTUNITY.
Collection of 17th and 18th Century English Furniture, removed from the country mansion of a Nobleman recently deceased. None of these goods have been in the market for the past 100 years. No Catalogues.

GILL & REIGATE LTD.
Furnishers and Decorators to H.M. the King
73 to 77, OXFORD ST., and 7, SOHO SQ., LONDON, W.1.

The Original—yet ever new

Grafton's Voile is the original cotton voile and was introduced 22 years ago. The quality of the fabric has never varied. It has always been the best voile on the market and remains so to-day. Women *know* that it is the most reliable in wash and wear and does not crease.

As to designs and colourings, you can always be sure of getting the latest fashion tendencies.

Price 2/9½ per yard. *Width 40 inches*

GRAFTON'S VOILE

Ask also for Grafton's Chiffonelle, for dainty lingerie and summer dresses; Grafton's Sturdiwear Cambric, for hard wear print frocks; and Grafton's Cretonne and Homecraft for Furnishing, with broad plain selvedge for piping. All "Grafton Fabrics" are of faithful quality

If unable to obtain from your draper patterns that appeal, write to Grafton's, 69 Watling Street, London, E.C.4, who will arrange for a good selection to be sent post free. Look for Grafton's stamped on the selvedge

Abdo

SELF- ADJUSTING

CORSETS FOR FULL FIGURES

Renowned throughout the world as Specialists in Corsets for Women above normal proportions, Swan & Edgar's recommend a range of 'Abdo' Corsets specially designed to meet the needs of the women of full figure. 'Abdo' Self-Adjusting Reducing Corsets maintain the correct proportions in the natural way by their self-adjusting features. They exert an even pressure which allows snug fitting and perfect freedom of movement. To wear 'Abdo' Corsets is to experience the true meaning of Corset comfort. Order your 'Abdo' Corset without delay at Swan & Edgar's.

Illustrated above.

No. 824, 'Abdo' Figure Reducing Corset, in superior quality Coutil, with four-tier skirt. Extra deep below waist. Four adjustable suspenders. Sizes 25 to 40 inches. Can be supplied in White or Pink ... **29/6**

ORDER BY POST
You can order by post with complete confidence any style or size of Corset you require.

Swan & Edgar Ltd
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
LONDON
W.1

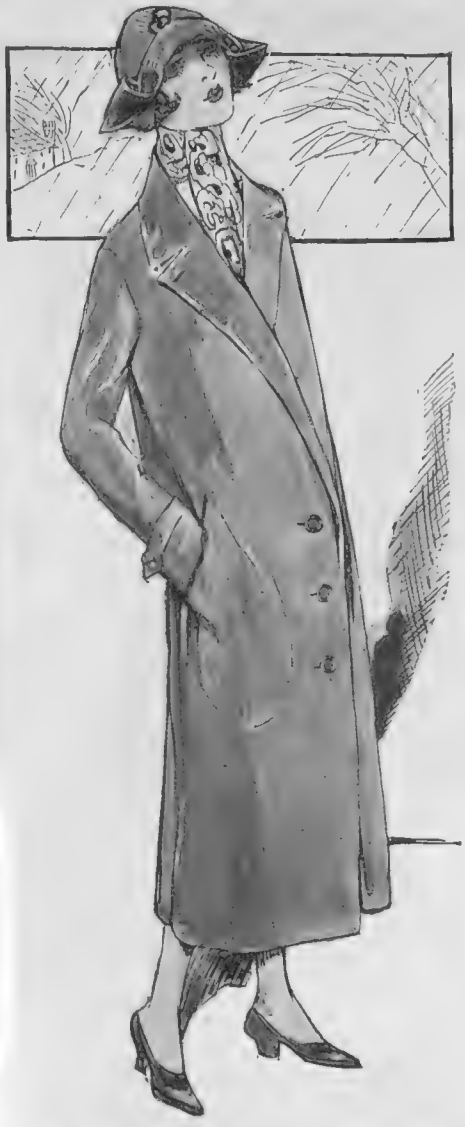
FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

Some Charming Summer Frocks

A SURPRISE of great and unexpected value awaits those who go quickly to Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W., for there are a limited quantity of the most fascinating little voile dresses just over from Paris, which are being sold here at the almost unbelievable price of 55*s.* 9*d.*; when these have gone there are no more to be had at a like sum. As the sketch discloses, these models are elaborately tucked and trimmed with a white frill from neck to hem, white collar and cuffs. And every bit is hand sewn—even the frill is hand-tucked and daintily hemmed with the colour of the gown, which may be of nattier or toile, blue, cherry, tango or tan. The voile used is of fine French quality, and they are frocks that will wash very well.

Other covetable summer goods to be found at this establishment include smart little over-blouses of spun silk, only 25*s.* 9*d.*, the same models in crepe de Chine coming out at 39*s.* 6*d.*, a neat tailored shirt being offered at 16*s.* 9*d.*, or in crepe de Chine 35*s.* 9*d.* Walpoles also have got in all the latest Celes models, both in blouses and dresses, and are assured, as usual, of finding a ready sale for their own inimitable summer frocks of washing silk and crepe.



A LIGHT-WEIGHT MOTOR COAT

A thoroughly practical rainproof from Dunhills of 2, Conduit Street. The material is a herringbone brown tweed, with slit pockets sloped so that they are rainproof

Motoring in Comfort

IF there is one firm who can tell us what this means it is surely Dunhills, of 2, Conduit Street. It seems simply æons since these people set the tune of the correct coats, hats—it was bonnets in the earliest days—veils, etc., and they have quietly and persistently pursued the same course as specialists in everything pertaining to motoring requirements.

Thus, in the example our artist has sketched there is revealed a coat sufficiently light in weight and modish in cut to be worn on ordinary occasions, and yet thoroughly practical and rainproof. The material employed is a herringbone tweed in a pleasant dust-resisting tone of brown, and every detail has been carefully thought out. The slit pockets are posed at a slope so that the rain cannot get in, while both the revers and collars can be worn open or closed.

Accompanying it is one of Dunhills' newest suède hats, decoratively stitched with shiny leather, this boasting the most becoming side or looped ear-pieces.

A LIGHT-WEIGHT SUMMER WRAP

A silk marocain wrap from Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington. The smart cross-over style is finished by a long narrow sash lined with embroidered crepe de Chine

Sketches by "Beta"

A VOILE MODEL FROM PARIS

One of the many little model dresses which are being sold quite inexpensively at Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street

What About a Marocain Coat?

THERE is quite a good deal to be said in favour of these beautifully light-weight summer wraps—that is, when they are well and attractively expressed. Then any old gown can be worn beneath, or a smart new one shielded from dust and dirt. These smart full-length coats are one of the greatest boons ever vouchsafed us, consequently the mantua-makers are having the time of their lives. A model of exceptionally handsome character seen at Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, and here illustrated, is of nigger-brown silk marocain, the main body part covered with a fine soutache embroidery framed in deep hems of the plain material; and the lining is as exquisite as the exterior, and provides an admirable foil to the sombre outward hue in a lovely cyclamen shade of crepe de Chine. The style affected is the cross-over, the long narrow sash ends of brown

being lined with the crepe de Chine embroidered in brown soutache.

For those who require less exclusive and *recherché* coats, Derry and Toms are offering a range of exceptionally chic good quality gabardines from six guineas, some embroidered, others braided, and all of notably good value at the price.

The Penalties of Spring

It is sad, but true, that every rose has its thorn, the particular prick of spring occurring in roughened skins and complexions, together with inevitable small blood troubles that show forth in the face in spots, pimples and the like disfiguring irregularities. Brimstone and treacle was a nauseous remedy resorted to in olden days, a cure considerably worse than the troubles it was supposed to dispel. But science goes deeper to-day, and these trifling, but exceedingly annoying, skin defects are treated scientifically, and, more than that, each case is judged according to its individual requirements, anyway, by such experts as Madame Helena Rubinstein, of 24 Grafton Street, W.

One invaluable piece of advice given here is to wash with Valaze Beauty Grains instead of soap. These grains have extraordinary cleansing powers; and as dirt is at the root of blackheads and pimples, which this application throws up to the surface and disperses, a little gentle massage subsequently with Novena Cerate forms an efficacious home treatment that any woman can manage for herself.

In some cases — and Madame Rubinstein reserves to herself the right to judge each case according to its individual requirements—there is recommended Valaze Baume Blanc, an emollient exceedingly efficacious in quickly dispelling rashes, blotches and pimples; while Valaze Balm Rose is a sure preventive to discoloration of the skin and keeping down freckles. Also, it is a capital foundation for powder.

The powder supplied from 24 Grafton Street, is the very best procurable and far more economical in the long run, because of its excessive fineness, which makes a little go such a very long way. Not that the Valaze preparations are in the least expensive actually. Five shillings, for example, will secure both the washing grains and the Novena Cerate, and 5*s.* 6*d.* the Valaze Baume Blanc.

WHEN TIME STANDS STILL

Time has no terrors for the woman who relies on Madame Rubinstein's Valaze Beauty Preparations

An Interesting Coiffure Amalgamation

For over thirty years, Francis, of 6, Hanover Street, has been accounted a coiffure establishment of especially high repute, and when, about a year ago, it was found necessary to move into more commodious premises, a certain M. E. Tapias, a renowned specialist in *postiche* work, joined the firm.

Their work, needless to say, as behoves the prestige of the house, has always been of the finest workmanship, with the best quality of hair, to which there is added an absolutely exclusive hair net foundation, very closely patented, that fits the head like a glove; when on the head, a Francis *postiche* piece can have the hair dressed and parted just how and where it is most becoming to the wearer.

Under this triple alliance (the other members being M. A. Ghirelli and M. H. Armspach) the new Hanover Square *salons* (illustrated on the next page) have been fitted up with every conceivable modern appliance, which includes a central hair-drying apparatus, entirely electrical. Each cubicle is supplied with this neat, handy contrivance

(*Continued on page x*)

Send to-day for a copy of Harrods new brochure 'Fashionable Knitted Wear.'

Exclusive Knitted Wear

'CANNES'

Carried out in Wool and Artificial Silk. An attractive Jacquard design is shown in contrasting shades of Saxe/White, Cherry / White, Royal / White, Rust Grey, Almond / Champagne, and Brown/Fawn.

The skirt is in a new panel design. The jumper, cut on straight lines, shows the fashionable new 'bateau' neck.

A unique and attractive Sports Model. 9 Gns

Knitted Coat Salon is on Harrods First Floor.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Ask for and INSIST on getting

HOOD Bayside TENNIS SHOES

stylish, shapely, light and hard-wearing. Ideal for sport and holidays. The shoe with the **MOTOR TYRE SOLE.**

Ladies' size	5/11	Misses' size, 11 x 2	5/6
Men's size	6/11	Children's size, 4 x 10	4/11

Try the Hood "**Crepeshu**" with the perfected Crepe Rubber Sole. Particularly suited for Tennis, Gymnasium and all sports. Flexible and cannot part from the upper.

In case of difficulty, write for name of nearest retailer.

C. W. RANDALL & CO., LTD.

Sole Distributors of
(HOOD RUBBER COMPANY'S PRODUCTS)

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PEARS PAGEANT OF BEAUTY

"The type I like to draw has eyes set rather far apart, nose small, perhaps slightly retroussé, mouth on the large side, a round chin and a long neck."

LEWIS BAUMER

What is English beauty?

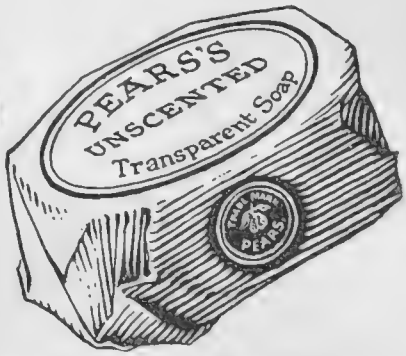
All Mr. Baumer's delightful work seems to answer "*Peaches and Cream.*"

Where would be the witchery of that tantalisingly tilted nose, those rosy lips, without the soft bloom of the English complexion that the master's pen so cunningly suggests?

And what greater tribute than the far-famed beauty of the English complexion could be paid to Pears, whose transparent purity and months-mellowed smoothness have made it the chosen soap of Englishwomen for more than 130 years.

Pears

for health and beauty



FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

that at once eliminates the hitherto cumbersome machines on wheels heated with a combination of gas and electricity.

COIFFEUR DE DAMES

The new establishment at 3, Hanover Square of Francis, the hair specialists, who have won for themselves a sound reputation as postiche artists during their 35 years of business life. They were previously at 3, Hanover Street, W.1

"Two Stalls, Please!"

It is, I imagine, an established fact that in all branches of commerce the largest buyer generally gets the first option. This then is the secret of the "Best Seat" slogan, which Messrs. Keith Prowse have established by both practice and preaching. They are the largest theatre ticket-dealers in the world, so no theatre management ever dreams of selling any part of its house before negotiating with them. Keith Prowse always retain a percentage of seats right up to the day of a performance, so that their overseas and other patrons have the best chance of seeing the "show" that is being so discussed at the moment. There are some sixty branches and agencies of this enterprising business, and it is worth while remembering that Keith Prowse are also musical publishers and have been musical instrument-makers since 1780.

Gramophone Improvements

Gramophone users who are not quite satisfied with the tone of their own machines should try the effect of the Tremusa Sound Box, an invention of Repeating Gramophones, Ltd., 102, New Bond Street, which is rapidly gaining a great reputation amongst music-lovers. Another useful invention is a permanent needle, the Everplay, which plays thousands of records without the irksome necessity of continual changing and with no wear on the record. It is worth while paying a visit to 102, New Bond Street, to hear the Three Muses Gramophone and to inspect the numerous ingenious devices for increasing the pleasure and contributing to the comfort of gramophone users.

"Bonnes Bouches" for the Dyspeptic

The use of charcoal in dietetic products has been well established of recent years. It has simple but effective properties which act as correctives to the many ills to which digestion is heir. Of course, one cannot eat a lump of Best Household Nuts or whatever they are called, but an excellent form of palatable and nutritive charcoal is obtainable as Charcoal Biscuits, a product of the well-known firm of J.W. Mackie and Sons, Ltd., 108, Princes Street, Edinburgh. The purity of the ingredients, by the way, have been tested, both during manufacture and in the finished product, and have an analyst's certificate of purity.

An English Enterprise

That very intricate industry, the reproduction of genuine pearls, has hitherto been done on the Continent. It is good news to learn, however, that Messrs. Ciro Pearls, Ltd., whose principal ateliers have been located at Asnières near Paris, have acquired factory premises quite near London, and, having trained a staff of British men and women in the process, are now producing their famous replicas in England. These Ciro pearls, which have earned recognition all over the Empire, are to be displayed in the Palace of Industries at the Wembley Exhibition—an exclusive right which they have earned as the only artificial pearls made in this country.

ONE OF THE WEMBLEY WONDERS

"State Express House" as it appeared during construction a few weeks ago. It is to be decorated throughout in cream and gold with some effective green touches—a house worthy of the fine products of the Ardath Tobacco Company

BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES AND TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

BRIGG & SONS
MANUFACTURERS
23, ST JAMES'S STREET
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ESTABLISHED 1836

Racing Umbrella, pigskin covered crook, plated gold pencil and band, best English silk 85/-
Do. do. do. Lady's 73/-
"The Perfect" (pat.) Sporting Seat, pigskin hammock, detachable disc. In two sizes 45/-
Do. do. Umbrella 75/-

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION
STAND H 276.

BEAUTIFUL USERS of BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

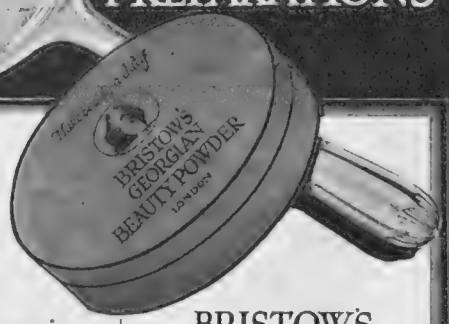
MISS HILDA TREVELYAN

the charming and well-known Actress, writes:—

Dear Sirs,
I use your Georgian Soap and Powder, and find them excellent. Most soothing to a sensitive skin, fragrant and refreshing.
Yours faithfully,
HILDA TREVELYAN.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd
Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V



BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER

Silk sifted and exquisitely perfumed with the fragrance of freshly gathered flowers-
1/3 & 2/6.

Send 6d. in stamps for sample box.

"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

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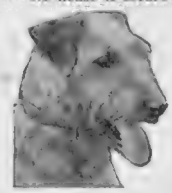
ROMANO
JAZZ-BAND. ATTRACTIONS AND VARIETIES.
Programme changed weekly.
14, Rue Caumartin, PARIS.
Lunch Fr. 17 Dinner Fr. 20
Champagne Fr. 45 Drinks Fr. 6
Dancing from Dinner to Midnight.

No house is secure without a Watch Dog.
Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S Pedigree trained
AIREDALES



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The All-the-Year-Round Resort.
8 Hours from Southampton.
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The Most Equable Climate.
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Apply for Season Terms (July-Sept.)
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BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

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The Wonderful Exhibits of BRITISH DYEING AND CLEANING shown by Eastman's will prove well worth your inspection.

Call at STAND No. H 277, MISCELLANEOUS TEXTILES SECTION and obtain free of charge an Illustrated Guide to London.

EASTMAN & SON (Dyers & Cleaners) LTD.
Established over 120 Years.
ACTON VALE, LONDON, W. 3.
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MACKIE'S Charcoal Biscuits

If you are feeling out of sorts take **Mackie's Charcoal Biscuits.** They are Nature's own cure and will put you right.

Sample tin post free for 1/10

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King
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"Compass" Lawn Tennis Balls throughout the Empire have proved that they will last longer and keep in better condition than any others.

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VOGUE & VALUE

Before the boys realise their holidays have well begun, next term is in sight! That, of course, means a visit to Goochs—at once. Whether for a single garment or a complete outfit, you will find at Goochs the widest selection of correct School wear —perfectly tailored, moderately priced.

A chat with our Schools Outfit Adviser will save you any unnecessary outlay or possible oversight. Or estimates will gladly be sent on receipt of School Clothes list.

White Flannel Trousers & Shorts. Made from excellent quality all-wool white flannel and thoroughly soap-shrunk, these garments cannot fail to give complete satisfaction. They are extremely well cut and excellently tailored. Trousers to fit 8 to 19 years. First size **24/-** Rising 1/- every two sizes. Shorts to fit 5 to 13 years. First four sizes **13/6** Larger sizes **14/6**

Grey Flannels, West of England —All Wool. Jackets to fit 5 to 19 years. First size **33/6** Rising 1/6 each size. Trousers to fit 8 to 19 years. First size **32/-** Rising 1/- every two sizes.

Shorts to fit 5 to 13 years. First four sizes **18/6** Larger sizes **19/6**

Similar garments made in a less expensive all-wool flannel of reliable quality are also stocked ready to wear in medium grey only. To fit 5 to 13 years. Jackets, first size **25/-** Rising 1/- each size.

Trousers, first size (8 years) **21/-** Rising 1/- every two sizes.

Shorts, first four sizes **12/6** Larger sizes **13/6**

Similar garments in plain navy blue. Jackets, first size **25/6**, rising 1/6 each size. Shorts, first four sizes **13/6** Larger sizes **14/6**

Postage 6d. extra under £1.

Patterns and prices for making to order sent upon request.

GOOCHS Ltd

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.
Telephone: Kensington 5100.

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Manfield & SONS LTD. SHOE-MAKERS

Manfield
No. LT821 22/9
In 9 Leathers.

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In 4 Leathers.

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THE LADY WHO DRESSES WELL makes a study of possibilities in shoes and hose in advance of other purchases. She naturally looks to Manfield's, her standard authority on shoe vogues.

The popular Manfield annual, containing a selection from the approved shoe fashions of Summer, is now published, and application for a copy should be made without delay. Free.

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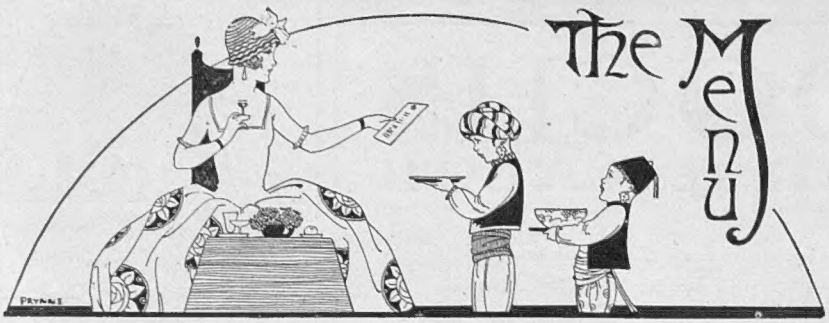
And throughout London and the Provinces.



SUGGESTIONS FOR DISHES IN HOLY WEEK

SALT FISH À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL
FISH OMELETTE A TURBOT STEAK
EGGS À LA CRÊME BAKED CHICORY
CHEESE FRITTERS

Salt Fish à la Maître d'Hôtel

AFTER having boiled the fish, flake it off clear from the bones, and take off every morsel of skin, then lay it in a clean stewpan, and pour over it some Maitre d'Hotel sauce made as follows: Melt 2 ozs. of butter, add the same of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and half a pint of hot water and milk (a quarter pint of each), stir till it thickens—if too thick, add a little more milk. Mix two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley with ½ oz. of butter, and some lemon-juice, add this to the sauce, and having stirred the fish until all is well mixed, serve at once in a border of mashed potatoes.

Fish Omelette

Break three eggs, separating the yolks and whites, sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, one dessertspoonful of grated cheese, and one dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Cut up into small pieces a tablespoonful of any cooked white fish, add a pinch of salt to the white of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites lightly to the yolks, melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette-pan, pour in the eggs, let them just set a little, put in the fish, and cook till the omelette is set, turn it over, slide it carefully on to a hot dish, and serve.

A Turbot Steak

The steak should weigh about 1lb. and be cut nice and thick. Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with an onion and some parsley, finely chopped. Put in the steak, brush it over with a little melted butter, and bake in a good oven for thirty minutes. Dissolve butter and flour, and when well-blended, stir in half a pint of milk and 2 ozs. of grated cheese. If the sauce is too thick add more milk. The sauce should be creamy. Strain it round the fish, and garnish the top with small balls of mashed potato.

Eggs à la Crême

Boil some eggs five minutes, remove the shells without breaking the eggs, put them in an entrée dish, or each egg in a small casserole cup, and pour some Béchamel Sauce over and round them. For the sauce: 1½ ozs. of butter, 1½ ozs. of flour, salt and pepper, half a pint of milk, and, if at hand, a very little cream stirred in at the last. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the top of each egg, and serve at once.

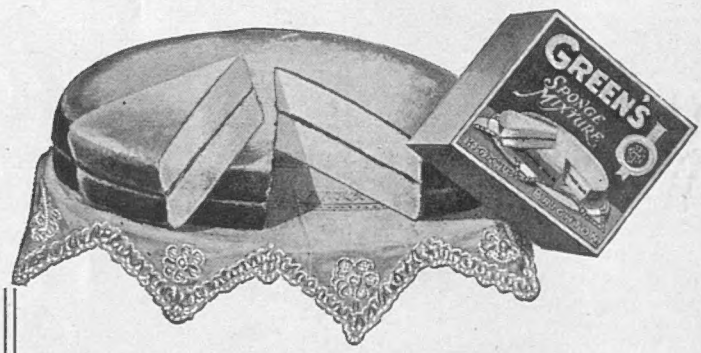
Baked Chicory

Scrape, wash, and cut into short pieces a bundle of chicory, and put them into a basin of cold water, containing lemon-juice or vinegar. Drain the chicory, and cook in stock or water till tender. Heat up about a breakfast cupful of rich white sauce, put in the chicory, and stir well together. Put the chicory and sauce in a buttered enamel-lined dish, or, if preferred, into small casserole dishes, sprinkle over some breadcrumbs, and add a little butter on the top. Bake for ten minutes in a good oven, and serve.

Cheese Fritters

One egg well-beaten with pepper and salt, and a little milk; grate 3 ozs. of cheese, add to it the mixture with a piece of butter and a little more milk. Well butter some patty-pans, fill them nearly full, and bake in the oven for about ten minutes. Serve very hot. This makes five fritters.

EMILIA



Make a big Sponge Cake THIS WEEK

Green's Sponge Mixture is the ideal preparation for making something extra good for tea, Sponge Sandwiches, Swiss Rolls, Genoese and other dainties that delight everyone.

Try one packet: see how good your sponge cakes can be.

GREEN'S SPONGE MIXTURE

Of all Grocers and Stores.

6½d. PER PKT. Chocolate or Raspberry Flavours 7d. per packet.

H. J. GREEN & CO., LTD., BRIGHTON.

The New Delicacy

GREEN'S TANGERINE JELLY

A real delicacy. So perfectly true in flavour. Try it. In crystals or squares of all high-class Grocers and Stores.

Harmanee Coffee

DRINK and ENJOY the WORLD'S FINEST COFFEE

as Grown for Connoisseurs, and Supplied to the Bombay Yacht Club, and other exclusive Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants.

"The quality of a host and hostess is made known to their guests by the *quality* of the Coffee they provide."

Send 6d. stamps for (packing and postage) a Trial Supply (4 Coffee Cups of Delicious **Café Noir,** or 6 of **Café au Lait),** with Illustrated Booklet, containing—Notes on the Making of Really Choice Coffee—The Romance of Coffee—The Cultivation in Mysore State, India, of HARMANEE COFFEE for Connoisseurs—the Different Roastings, etc.

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1. An Illustrated Booklet, "The Charm of Choice Coffee," also—
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Coffee Connoisseurs know that HARMANEE COFFEE is the most economical in use, as well as choicest in flavour. Price, 3/6 per lb. or 3 lbs. for 10/-, post paid in the U.K. Supplied in Freshly-Roasted Beans or Ground—Direct from our Plantations to Your Table—from the

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Natural Beauty

The wonderful Adair Ganesh Treatments and preparations will make a woman's face fresh, young and beautiful, imparting health and beauty to the skin, eyes, etc.

A Special Trial Box containing Eastern Oil, Skin Tonic, Lily Lotion and Eastern Cream will be sent post free on receipt of 5/6

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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN

PRINCESS PETTICOATS

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Pure Silk Milanese Princess Slip *cut on the new straight lines, full length, prettily hemstitched front, and each side of skirt. Threaded elastic under arm, thereby ensuring well-fitting top. In White, Pink, Cyclamen, Apple Green, Peach, Tan, Beige, Silver, Grey, Nigger, Navy, Black.*

29/6

Other shades can be made specially to order in a few days.

New illustrated booklet of "Dainty Underwear and Hose" post free on request.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, SW.1

CHARMING RICH SILK GEORGETTE

TEA FROCKS

This delightful Tea Frock is an exact copy of a French model, and is made in rich quality pure silk georgette. It is cut on graceful and becoming lines, and is typical of the many charming Tea Frocks we have now in stock.

GRACEFUL THÉ DANSANT FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality pure silk georgette, tunic effect, in front cut with flair, straight panel back, the narrow piece at waist can be knotted as a trimming or used as a circular belt, finished with hand-made georgette roses, and cape at back to match. In Cyclamen, Rose, Beige, Ochre, Lacquer, Red, Chinese Blue, Pink, Coral, Pervanche, Black, White, and many other attractive shades.

PRICE

8½ Gns.

Sent on approval.

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We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements. Post orders carefully executed.

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£50 FOR A PHRASE

See Page 192 for Details.

Name of Club, &c. _____

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To be cut out, filled in and addressed to "BYSTANDERISMS," THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS LONDON, E.C. 4.

CLOSING DATE TO BE ANNOUNCED SHORTLY.

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HAT & SCARF SETS

NEW ATTRACTIVE HAT in pedal straw, with brim and trimming of printed crepe de Chine in bright colours.

PRICE

3½ Gns.

WIDE SILK SQUARE SCARF to match hat.

PRICE **42/-**

Posed by Miss Olwen Roose.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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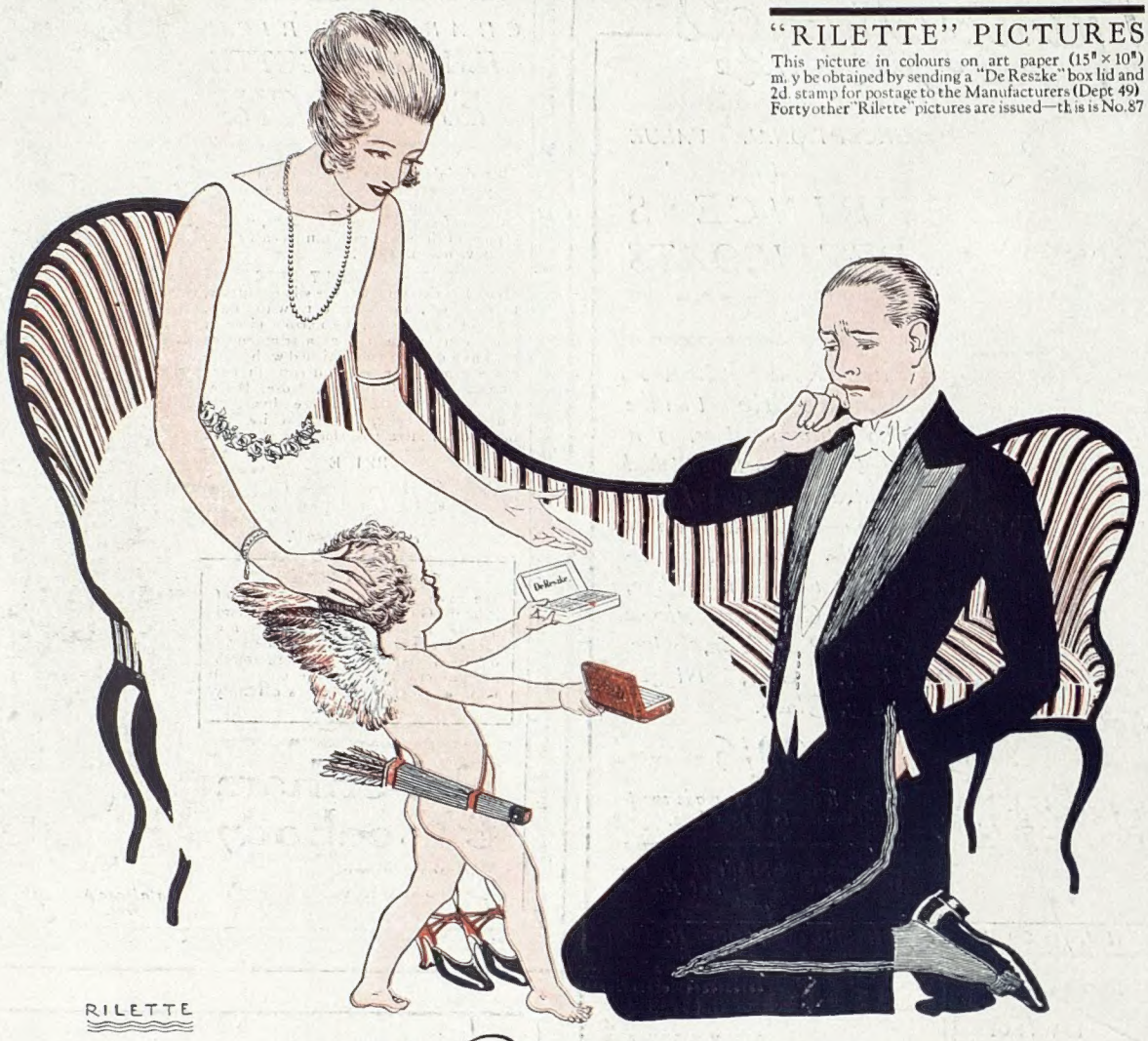
"RILETTE" PICTURES
This picture in colours on art paper (15" × 10") may be obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. stamp for postage to the Manufacturers (Dept 49). Forty other "Rilette" pictures are issued—this is No. 87



A Pro-poser

The cigarette for the sensitive throat

In the prime of his singing career Jean de Reszke was told by his doctor that he would have to stop smoking or stop singing. The famous tenor did neither, yet twenty-five years later he was still charming vast audiences with his golden voice.

The secret? He smoked nothing but "De Reszke" Cigarettes, which Mr. Millhoff, the doyen of blenders, had produced for him—because he found they did not parch or irritate his sensitive throat.

In appreciation Jean de Reszke wrote these words—"The cigarettes are highly satisfactory and do not occasion any obstacles to my vocal duties."

You, too, can enjoy the superlative qualities of these self-same cigarettes by asking your tobacconist for

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We invite you to visit the exhibit of "De Reszke" Cigarettes at our stand in the Tobacco Section of the Palace of Industry

De Reszke CIGARETTES

"Unique—like the De Reszke voice"

TENOR (TURKISH)	EGYPTIAN BLEND	AMERICAN (VIRGINIA)
10.....1/3½ 50.....6/1	20.....2/-	10.....10d 50.....4/2
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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency Limited